

The Sketch

No. 802.—Vol. LXII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



ELSA IN ARMOUR: MISS LILY BRAYTON AS ELSA IN "THE TWO PINS," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

"THE SKETCH" SUMMER DOUBLE NUMBER: SPECIAL NOTICE.

The next issue of "The Sketch" will be the Summer Double Number, and will, we believe, be better than ever. In addition to the usual features, it will contain many extra novel pages, a number of them printed in colours. With it will be given also a splendid photogravure plate. Included in the contents will be, amongst other things, stories by Guy Thorne (author of "When It Was Dark"), E. Temple Thurston, and Albert Dorrington; Pen-and-Camera Effects, Light Effects, Pryings by Paulina, A Butterfly with Thirty-Six Lives, In Poppy Land, and a special series of comic pages by "The Sketch" Artists. As it is certain that there will be an exceptional demand for the number, those who wish to secure a copy should order one now. The price of the issue will be One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

A Boom in Grandmothers.

There is going to be a boom in grandmothers. Fifty, twenty, or even ten years ago, it was considered rather a dowdy thing to be a grandmother. That was simply because grandmothers took their grandmothering so seriously. So soon as one's daughter became a mother, one covered up one's bonny brown hair with a white cap, gave up dancing, and sat in the shade. All this has gradually changed. "To be a grandmother nowadays," says the New York World, "is no longer to wear spectacles and a white cap, and to be restricted in one's round of interest to the children, the church, and the kitchen. They motor and make trips to Europe, and not infrequently enjoy a social prestige envied by their daughters, to whom they are to all intents elder sisters." I can assure the New York World that precisely the same condition of things obtains here. It is far smarter in England to-day to be a grandmother than a mother. If they could only contrive to look old enough, all our young mothers with social ambitions would be passing themselves off as grandmothers. But it is one of the little ironies of life that to look old is far harder than to look young. Ask any youth of eighteen or twenty, with a moustache that refuses to grow even when pulled, and see what he tells you. Believe me, the grandmothers have it all their own way.

The Fine Art of Entertaining.

If you hate entertaining, yet feel it incumbent upon you to do a certain amount of it, I advise you to profit by a gentle hint in the current number of the Field. "Of country hosts," says the writer slyly, "the gardener, the farmer, the hunting man, and the shooting man can all offer their guest a great deal of pleasure; but the fisherman, perhaps, gives his angler guest the most ideal country holiday." What he really means, of course, is that the fisherman is the ideal guest. The wise host, therefore, will select his friends amongst fishermen, and hire the fishing rights in some little old stream anywhere within eight miles of his house. After breakfast, the cook puts some sandwiches and a bottle of beer into a basket, and away goes the guest for the day. You see nothing more of him until the evening. You have not to bother about talking to him, or walking with him, or playing tennis with him. The poor fool is quite content to sit on the bank, hold a rod, and dip the line in and out of the water. In the meantime, he costs you nothing, and you can get along with your work in peace and quietness. No host, as you will admit, has any use for his guests until dinner-time. About six-thirty the fisherman returns, delighted with his day, and most grateful. You then have plenty of time to win money from him at cards or billiards.

"No Parcel Opened Here."

"Curious," I think, raises a subject of interest to most of us in his letter to the Morning Leader. "A fortnight ago," he says, with just indignation, "I received a parcel from London which showed signs of having been opened. Inside I found the parcels-bill for the day, stamped with the stamp of a London office, together with the officer's initials. I wrote to the office, but in reply merely received a postcard, which said—'No parcel opened here.' Perhaps some Post Office official can explain how the parcel-bill got inside the parcel." "Curious" pauses for a reply, and so do we all. We are all curious to know how that parcel-bill got inside the parcel. Obviously, "Curious" did not want the parcel-bill, and we may presume that somebody else did want it. Why, then, put it inside a parcel and send it to "Curious"? This matter, without a doubt, ought to be cleared up. It is all very well to send a postcard saying, "No parcel opened here." I can see that postcard. I can see the dull, official, non-committal handwriting.

By KEBLE HOWARD. ("Chicot.")

I agree with "Curious" that public officials should not treat the public in that curt, careless manner. "No parcel opened here" indeed! I shouldn't mind betting that somebody had a good look at "Curious's" boots, and very likely tried them on!

Blessed Sixteenth.

So long as the tall hat remains in fashion, there is nothing very much the matter with England. The birthrate may be falling, we may be in danger of losing our colonies, there may be panic after panic on the Stock Exchange, the country may be swept from end to end by a devastating scourge of the most unpleasant kind; yet the Englishman will go on his way smiling and happy if only he is allowed to wear a tall hat. For some years, now, the pessimistic note has been sounded in the Press, on the mart, and around the dinner-table. "We are losing our national supremacy." "The times are not what they were." "You cannot make the money out of (here insert occupation of speaker) that used to be made thirty or forty years ago." That is the way in which people have been talking, as you will have noted, for the last five years or so. Well, the hatting trade, I am rejoiced to see, has come to the rescue. The hatting trade has wisely ordained that "the silk hat is to be worn taller this year, the suggested increase in height being one-sixteenth of an inch." Blessed one-sixteenth! What a revolution you will bring about in these miserable little isles! We shall hear no more of trade depression—at any rate, until the hatting trade decides to lower the standard again. Sirs of the hatting trade, why not build 'em a hat like Mr. Chirgwin's? England looks to you to do your duty!

Platt—Iconoclast.

Mr. H. E. P. Platt has a bone to pick—a very dry old bone—with the modern Oxford undergraduate. Writing in the Contemporary Review, Mr. Platt says—"If a man who had been at Oxford in the sixties were now to revisit the place after a long absence a change that would startle our visitor would probably be the shabby and untidy appearance of the undergraduates." Can't you see the old gentleman starting back in dismay on meeting an undergraduate in slippers and a Norfolk jacket? I have no idea what they wore at Oxford in the sixties, but easy old pumps and Norfolk jackets were the correct thing in the nineties. I hope Mr. Platt is not, perhaps, rather foolish, because, if he is, that would undermine my life-long faith in the Contemporary Review and its contributors. I have always understood that people who write for the reviews are a good way removed from the rest of us, having little or nothing in common with those who take life rather lightly. But I shall have to start all over again about such folk if it turns out that Mr. Platt would like to see undergraduates walking about in cassocks and Chirgwin hats. I shall keep an open mind on the subject for a week or two in case Mr. Platt is abroad, or writing another article. After that, crash goes the idol.

A Little Plan from Rome.

There is an old proverb that bids you, if you happen to find yourself in Rome, behave like a sheep. When we are in England, however, we may take the liberty of differing from the Tribuna. This is the kind of thing they say in the Tribuna: "In her free competition with the other sex, woman will occupy the place in life for which she is best fitted. By taking this position, she will help to elevate man, the wife the husband, because the best way to bring about the survival of the fittest men is to promote rivalry between the two sexes in the struggle for existence." In other words, if the husband keeps a butcher's shop let the wife start one across the way and undersell him. They will both go bankrupt, and that will teach their children not to be so silly. Somebody in the Tribuna office has been doing some pretty hard thinking.

THE ARREST OF THE JOURNALIST WHO SHOT MAJOR DREYFUS.



THE ARREST OF M. GRÉGORY (X), WHO FIRED TWO SHOTS AT MAJOR DREYFUS IN THE PANTHÉON
DURING THE "NATIONAL CEREMONY OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE ASHES OF EMILE ZOLA."

The "national ceremony of the translation of the ashes of Emile Zola to the Panthéon" led to an extraordinary scene on Thursday of last week. The chorus of the Conservatoire had begun the "Chant du Départ," the President of the Republic had just left the building, and the officials were following him, when two revolver-shots were heard. One of the bullets struck Major Dreyfus in the right forearm, the other spent itself against a pillar. The man who fired the shots is a journalist named Grégory, who writes for the "Presse Militaire" and the "Gaulois." It is stated that he told the police that he wished to avenge the insult offered to the Army by the Government in ordering it to take part in the ceremony in honour of Zola, the author of "The Débâcle." M. Grégory is 66, and a graduate of the École Normale.

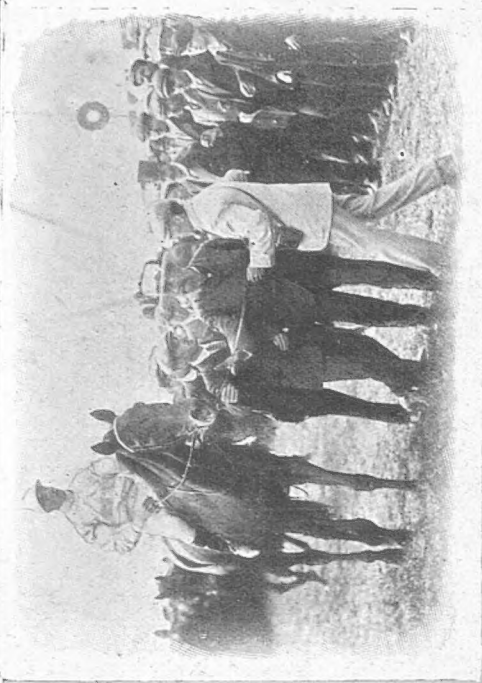
Photograph by Branger.

SOME OF THE THOUSANDS WHO DID NOT BACK SIGNORINETTA!

CHEVALIER GINISTRELLI, OWNER OF SIGNORINETTA.



SIGNORINETTA IN THE PADDOCK.



THE RECORD CROWD AT THE RECORD DERBY.

The crowd that witnessed the Derby was a record one, as may be judged from our photograph. The victory of Signorinetta at 100 to 1 was practically another—less appreciated—record.

Photograph of the Crowd by Halfstones; of Chevalier Ginistrelli by H. R. Sherborn.

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The wedding of the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Miss Pamela Jekyll, daughter of Sir Herbert Jekyll, was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. There was only one bridesmaid, Miss Barbara Jekyll, sister of the bride. The two pages—Master Anthony Asquith, son of the Prime Minister, and Master Robert Lutyens—wore costumes modelled on those of the ancient Greeks, and green wreaths crowned their heads.

Photograph by Gunn and Nowell, Richmond.

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SMALL TALK



TO BE THE KING'S HOST:

LORD PEMBROKE.

Photograph by Langier.

companies him. The gardens have been very greatly improved since the King came to the throne, and by means of high banks the walls surrounding the grounds have been completely hidden. These banks just now are great masses of roses of every hue and shade, and present a most charming sight. The King has always been keenly interested in gardening, and one morning

WHILE at Buckingham Palace, the King has been taking long walks through the grounds every morning, and to this he attributes something of his greatly improved health and the ease with which he has been able to withstand the strain of the last few weeks. He is usually quite alone on these walks, save for

his favourite fox-terrier, but sometimes Major "Fritz" Ponsonby accom-



MARIGOLD, DAUGHTER OF LADY ANGELA FORBES.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

pruning some rose-trees. "That is not quite the proper way to do that," said his Majesty at length; "let me show you how to do it," and, taking the knife from the man's hands, proceeded to give him a lesson in pruning.

A Versatile Peer.

Lord Pembroke, who will soon be the King's host, is one of the very few British peers, if, indeed, not the only one, who is descended from a great Russian noble, for his grandmother was a Countess Woronzow and in her day one of the most beautiful women in Europe. As a young man,

HESTER, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. BENJAMIN PLUNKETT.

Photograph by Lafayette.

when sitting as member for Croydon, and before there seemed much hope of his succeeding to the title—for he had an elder brother, the late Lord Pembroke, who was one of Mr. Balfour's intimate friends—he was considered the best-looking man in the House of Commons. As was meet in one who was to succeed to great possessions, the then Mr. Herbert took a great interest in public finance, and for some seven years—that is, from 1885 to 1892—he was a Lord of the Treasury.

Lady Shaftesbury. Lady Shaftesbury, who was so often in attendance on the Princess of Wales during the beginning of the season, belongs to the

highly bred, old-fashioned section of the great world which our future Queen delights to honour. She was before her marriage Lady Sibell Grosvenor, one of Mr. George Wyndham's step-daughters, and as a girl she and her sister, Lady Beauchamp, were the favourite friends and companions of more than one royal Princess, including the

daughters of the Duchess of Connaught. Lady Shaftesbury is, of course already

connected, and that in intimate fashion, with the Princess of Wales, owing to the fact that her aunt, Lady Margaret Grosvenor, married the Duke of Teck.

A National Bereavement.

Soldiers' wives all over the world, and attached to all ranks of the service, sympathise deeply with Lady Audrey Buller in the terrible loss she has sustained.

During the South African War she was untiring in her ef-

forts to help the wives and children of those soldiers who were at the front. When the great conflict was over, the feeling she had aroused was shown in a touching manner. Five hundred women of Aldershot Camp subscribed towards a Life Governorship of the Aldershot Hospital, and presented Lady Audrey with the gift. The late Sir Redvers Buller was a devoted stepfather to his wife's four children; he also had a clever and accomplished daughter of his own, who during the last few years acted as her father's secretary, having made herself an expert typist in order to help him with his correspondence.



KATHLEEN, DAUGHTER OF LADY KATHLEEN LINDSAY.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A FAVOURITE AT COURT:

LADY SHAFTESBURY.

Photograph by Lafayette.



FLAVIA, DAUGHTER OF LADY ANGELA FORBES.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Quaintly Named Little Maidens.

Quaint and unusual Christian names were, a short time ago, a fad in smart Society, and the old-fashioned flower-garden was ransacked in order to provide girl babies with unusual cognomens. The craze reached its height in Diamond Jubilee year, and it was then that Lady Angela Forbes, the youngest of that beautiful group of sisters headed by Lady Warwick, christened her eldest child Marigold. Five years later followed another little daughter, on whom was bestowed the noble old Roman name of Flavia.

THE CLUBMAN

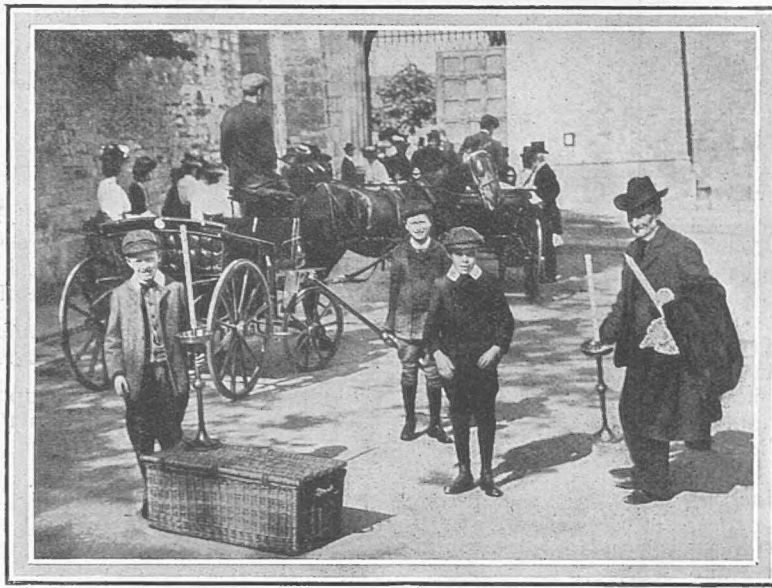
HURLINGHAM—RANELAGH—THE INVASION OF PARISIANS.

SUMMER has come. The Derby has been run, the pink-and-white plumes of the horse-chestnuts have blossomed and withered, in the natters' windows piles of straw hats have replaced the caps and shiny "toppers" which hold pride of place during the winter, the servants in the clubs of St. James's and Pall Mall are beginning to look weary; on all the lawns of the summer clubs the tea-tables are set, and the proprietors of all the outdoor dining-places, putting faith in the weather prophets who predict a hot summer, hope to make a fortune before chill October comes. Both Hurlingham and Ranelagh, our two typical out-of-doors clubs, are very beautiful now, for the green of the trees is still that of spring, the turf has not yet been browned by the summer heat, and the rhododendrons are flaming with colour.

Hurlingham having become the starting-place for the races of the Aero Club, due preparations have been made there for the filling of the balloons. Out of the turf between the carriage-road and the polo-ground emerges something which looks like a great white worm. It splits into two half-way down its length, and finally runs to ground again. This is the gas-pipe for the inflation of balloons, and from either side of it jut out many small necks, to which the feeding-tubes of the balloons are fastened. The great gas-pipe is not exactly an ornament to the grounds, but the start of the balloons bids fair to become one of the most popular sights of open-air clubland. In half-a-dozen years no one will believe that there ever was a pigeon-shooting ring at Hurlingham. All the traces of the great hoarding have disappeared, and the yew-hedges which have been put across the lawn where so many blue-rocks fluttered out their lives are throwing out luxuriant shoots, and will soon look as though they had been planted when the house was built.

Ranelagh has this year asked the archers to forsake their own ground in Regent's Park for two days to shoot against the outside world on the Barn Elms lawns, and on the Tuesday and Wednesday of last week the clothyard shafts flew merrily. A great deal

of work has been done this year on the polo-fields, and the third of the grounds which was only considered worthy till this summer to be classed as a place of practice has been so much improved that it now takes rank as a match-ground. Ranelagh used to be the only club which possessed a real al-fresco dining-place, a terrace with the sky as its only covering. It was surrounded by stone pillars crowned with classic busts. Last year was, unfortunately, very wet, and the club committee, to guard the lunchers and diners this year against sudden downpours, have used the pillars as supports for a roof—a roof which has a large square opening in its centre, in order that it may still be in keeping with the classic busts. At one end of this shelter there is a little stage, on which pastoral players can take refuge if their sylvan theatre is flooded. To have made all these preparations against rain is, perhaps, the best insurance that the weather will this summer be unusually fine.



THE BAPTISM OF THE INFANT EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY: THE ARRIVAL OF CANDLES, INCENSE, AND OTHER NECESSARIES FOR THE CEREMONY.

The baptism of the Duke of Norfolk's son and heir took place in the private chapel of Arundel Castle. The baby is heir to the premier dukedom of England, to the Scottish barony of Herries, the baronies of Fitzalan, Clun, Oswaldestre, and Maltravers, and the Earl Marshalship of England.—[Photograph by the L. N. A. Photos.]

time in London. This is just the period of the year when the Parisians are very faithful to Paris. Until the Grand Prix has been run, a Frenchman thinks that every day of spring and summer not spent in Paris is a day lost, and I must own

that, if I had been born in France, I should have agreed with him. But this summer in all the West-End London streets the Parisians have been very much in evidence while the chestnuts were still blossoming in the Champs Elysées—not the Parisians who are brought over in droves to spend three days in England at some infinitesimal price, but the Parisians who know their London as well as they do their Paris, and who spend their louis royally. Nothing but an exhibition of French products on a very large and important scale could account for the presence in London just now of all these boulevardiers.



"THE TANGO: DANCING IN ÁNDALUSIA."—FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY H. LARRAMET.
Shown at the Exposition des Artistes Français, and Reproduced by the Courtesy of the Artist.

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS A BEARDED WAITER: "JACK STRAW," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



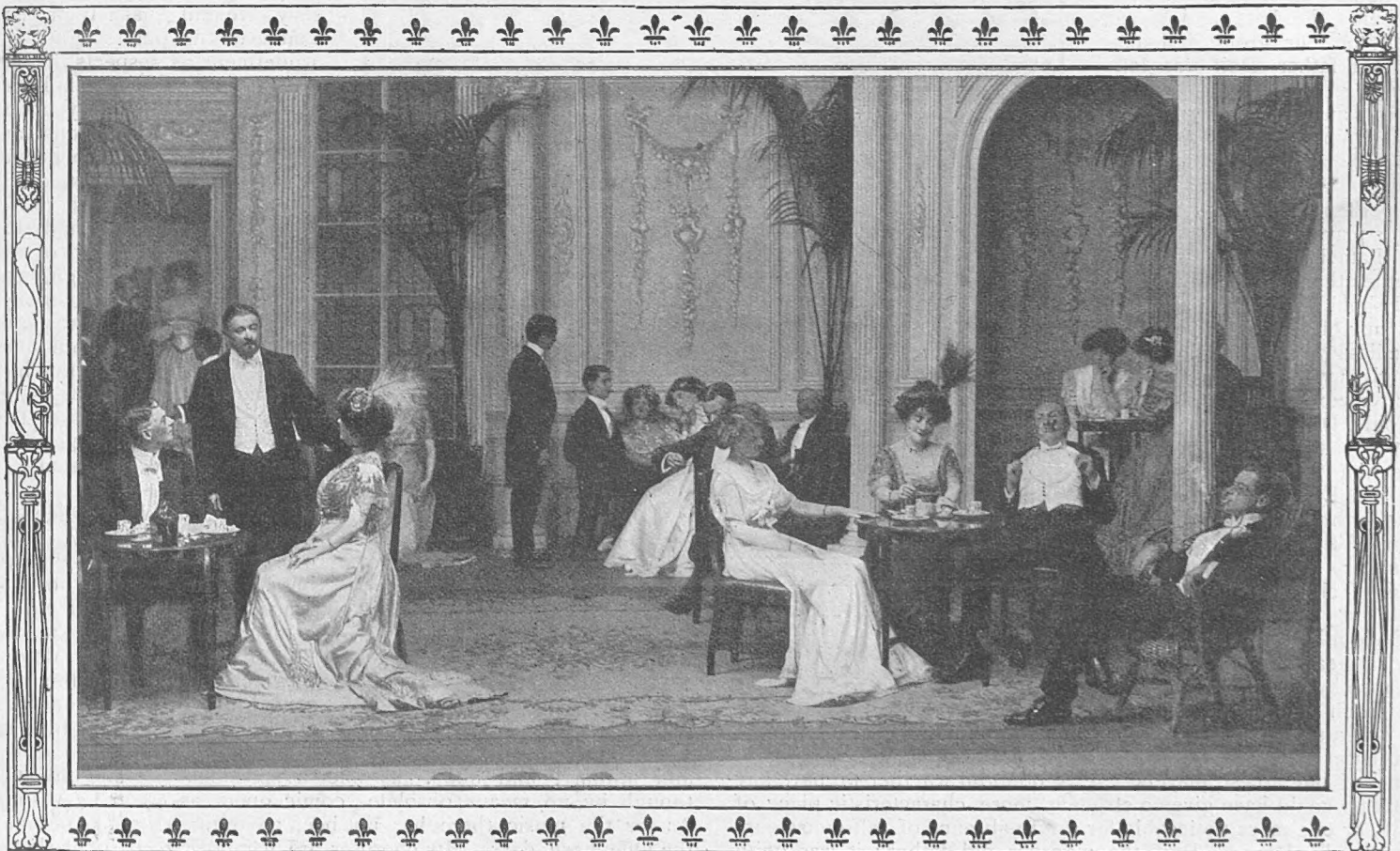
Mrs. Withers (Miss Joy Chatwyn). Count von Bremer (Mr. H. R. Hignett). Jack Straw (Mr. Charles Hawtreay).

JACK STRAW, OTHERWISE THE ARCHDUKE SEBASTIAN OF POMERANIA, INFORMS HIS QUESTIONERS THAT SEARCH FOR THE ARCHDUKE SEBASTIAN HAS BEEN ABANDONED.



Ambrose Holland Jack Straw (Mr. Charles Hawtreay).

THE ARCHDUKE, MASQUERADING AS JACK STRAW, A WAITER AT THE GRAND BABYLON HOTEL, RECEIVES HIS FIRST TIP, AND REFUSES MORE THAN THE CUSTOMARY FEE.



Ambrose Holland. Jack Straw (Mr. Charles Hawtreay). Lady Wanley (Miss Vane Featherston).

Ethel Parker-Jennings (Miss Dagmar Wiehe). Mrs. Parker-Jennings (Miss Lottie Venne). Mr. Parker-Jennings (Mr. R. Whyte jun.). Vincent Parker-Jennings (Mr. Percy R. Goodyer).

JACK STRAW AGREES TO BE INTRODUCED TO THE PARKER-JENNINGS FAMILY AS THE ARCHDUKE SEBASTIAN, THAT HE MAY MEET ETHEL PARKER-JENNINGS

The Archduke Sebastian of Pomerania, a young man fond of seeking adventure, disappears from his native land, and is eagerly sought. He comes to London, and there one day obliges a waiter at the Grand Babylon Hotel by taking his place. At the hotel he meets some old friends who recognise him (under yet another alias), and the Parker-Jennings family. With Ethel Parker-Jennings he falls in love at first sight, and thus it comes about that he expresses his willingness to be introduced to the Parker-Jennings family as the missing Archduke Sebastian, that they may be taken aback when they find that he is the waiter who has served them at the Grand Babylon.—

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

[Continued overleaf]



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"NAN"—"FEED THE BRUTE"—"LINKS"—"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"—
"GETTING MARRIED"—"LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR."

EACH of the most popular theatrical societies has had a triumph. The Pioneers' last programme, consisting of "Nan" and "Feed the Brute" has promptly found its way to the regular stage (at the Haymarket) under the ægis of a shrewd manager, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and, brilliantly interpreted by a cast that includes most of the original players, promises to make the reputation of Mr. John Masefield, the author of the Gloucestershire tragedy, and also increase the credit of "George Paston." The Stage Society on Sunday made quite a hit with a workmanlike translation by Messrs. Howard Peacey and W. R. Brandt of a sombre piece by Herman Heijermans, called in English "Links." It will be remembered that Heijermans also wrote "The Good Hope," which Ellen Terry presented successfully on tour in an English form, ably written by Christopher St. John. "Links" is a picture of Dutch family life, and the Duifs were not "a merry family"; but the study of them was quite interesting, and they quarrelled handsomely. Three sons, a daughter, and a brother-in-law all were fighting against the widowed father, Pancras Duif, over his proposed marriage with Marianne, his pretty housekeeper. The old boy probably would have won if they had played the game fairly, but the younger generation had no scruples about hitting below the belt, and so at the end of four strong, full acts poor old father Duif was left lamenting, with his wings clipped and his Marianne in flight from the little Dutch town where the Duifs forged chains for ships' cables. There was, perhaps, a little too much of the play for our stomachs—the Batavians have bigger appetites than modern Britons; but I should have been sorry to miss any of it, except, perhaps, a needless passage or two, quite strongly written, however, and effective, concerning the burdens of old Duif's widowerhood. "Links" in general style is more like "The Thunderbolt" than any English play I know: it lacks the style and nice restraint of the English work, but is quite as rich in power and vigour of character-painting.

Once more the Stage Society gave a really admirable performance by a company selected with such judgment and so well rehearsed that it is difficult to see how the play could have been better acted. Mr. J. Fisher White has long been recognised as one of our ablest players. It is doubtful whether we have any actor who could have given a stronger, more characteristic piece of acting, or one more noticeable for entire absence of self-consciousness than his Pancras Duif, the vigorous old father: it was quite superb. Miss Edyth Latimer seems new to me, though I have noticed her name before now. She represented Marianne, and her work was of excellent quality, and remarkable for its quiet sincerity; moreover, she is a lady of considerable charm. One always expects, and gets, admirable work from Mr. Edmund Gwenn: this time he painted with much quiet humour a long-suffering old Dutchman, who in the end ran away from a shrewish wife, rendered very ably

by Miss Clare Greet. Also, there was a very pretty performance by little Miss Iris Hawkins, and Miss Margaret Bussé and Miss Lilian Revell played quite cleverly. One cannot overlook the able work of Messrs. H. Harben, Kenyon Musgrave, and Robert Atkins.

Assuming that "The Merchant of Venice" was withdrawn for the usual reasons, Mr. Tree has good grounds for complaining of fortune and the British playgoer. He is lucky to have at his command a revival of such popularity as "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which pleases the public even if the critics are a little cold about Shakespeare's farce; he is fortunate, too, in having Miss Ellen Terry once more in the cast, playing Mistress Page with quite exuberant vitality. One would like to have seen Mrs. Kendal once again as Mistress Ford, though the work of Miss Cicely Richards in the part was by no means inconsiderable. Of course Mr. Beerbohm Tree represented Falstaff, and acted in a fashion that delighted everybody. The rest of the company has been very well chosen, and so the merry play has ample opportunity for exhibiting its lively humours.

It is not surprising that "Getting Married" has been promoted to the evening bill at the Haymarket. The critics may rave and gnash their pens, and even the public admit bewilderment as respects the last act, but "G.B.S." has explained everything, and nobody understands the explanations any better than he understood what was sought to be explained. Yet two hours or more of the play are very funny, and this, in the simple poetry of the public, is "good enough," and the acting was good enough too; and so much was said only a few days ago, both about the play and the company which performs it, that there is no reason to say more than that Miss Edith Craig now plays the Bishop's wife very pleasantly.

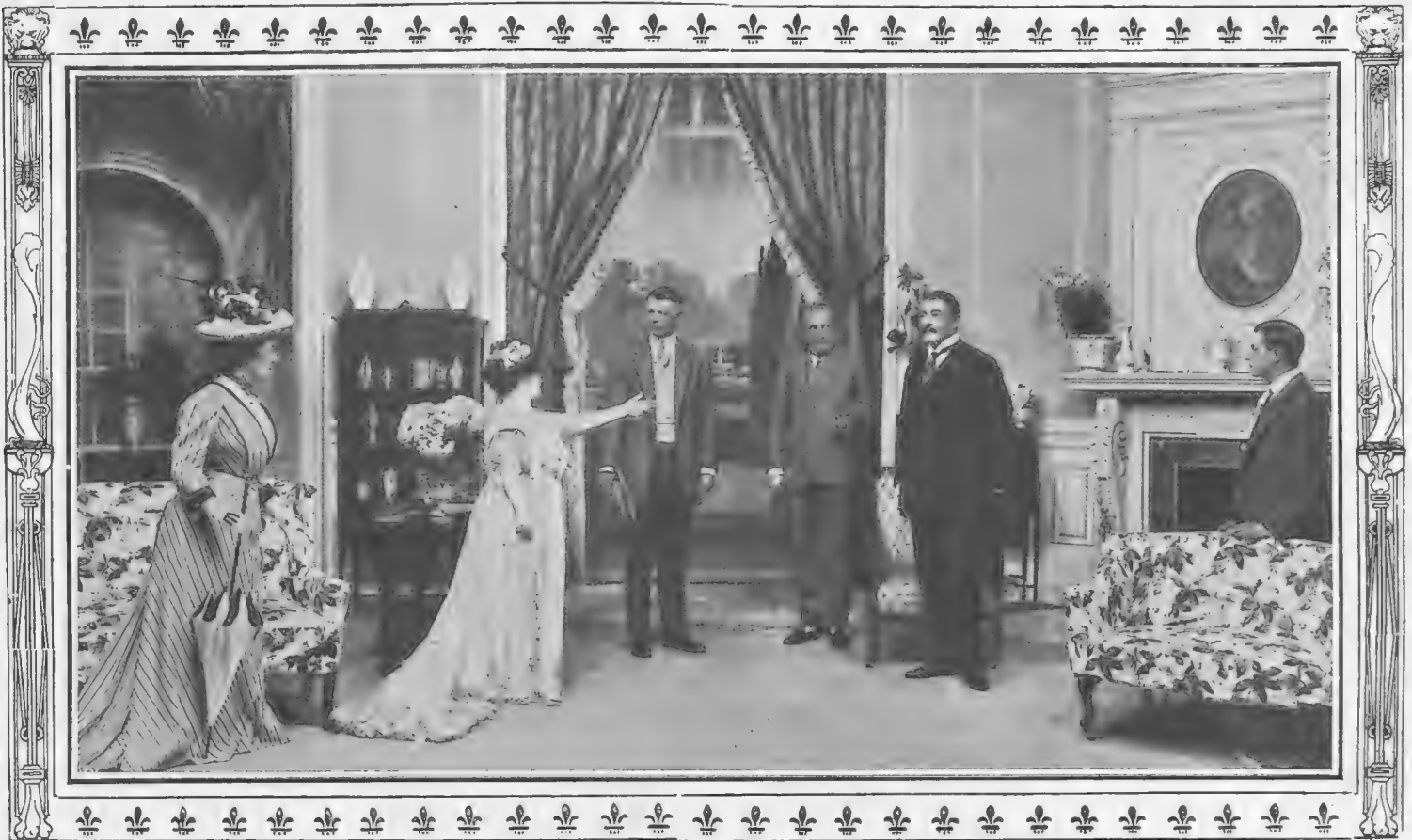
A short spell of Offenbach introduces variety into the series of French plays at the Shaftesbury. The example of the Master's talents with which the company began its visit was "La Fille du Tambour-Major," in which Stella, from the convent, loves an officer, and discovers herself to be "a daughter of the regiment," though hitherto believed to have been of noble descent. It is all very cheerful and military, and about as fine a specimen of the old-time, though by no means obsolete, comic opera as could be wished. As for the music, there has not been anything quite like it since the Offenbach days. Its choruses are flamboyant, particularly the one when French troops march in at the end, but they have in them breadth and spirit; and the lighter passages are always full of melody and gaiety. The company has been chosen mainly with an eye to the music, and, as a whole, acquitted itself well. The choral singing was particularly good, and the parts of Stella, Lieutenant Robert, and Triolet were admirably sung by Mme. Tariol-Baugé, M. Tournis, and M. Decreus.



THE STAR OF "L'ÉTOILE": Mlle. ARLETTE DORGÈRE, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Mlle. Dorgère, the well-known Parisian vaudeville artist, is appearing in "L'Étoile," a sketch, at the Alhambra.—[Photograph by Hana.]

"JACK STRAW," MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AND MISS LOTTIE VENNE
AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



Lady Wanley
(Miss Vane Featherston).

Mrs. Parker-Jennings
(Miss Lottie Venne).

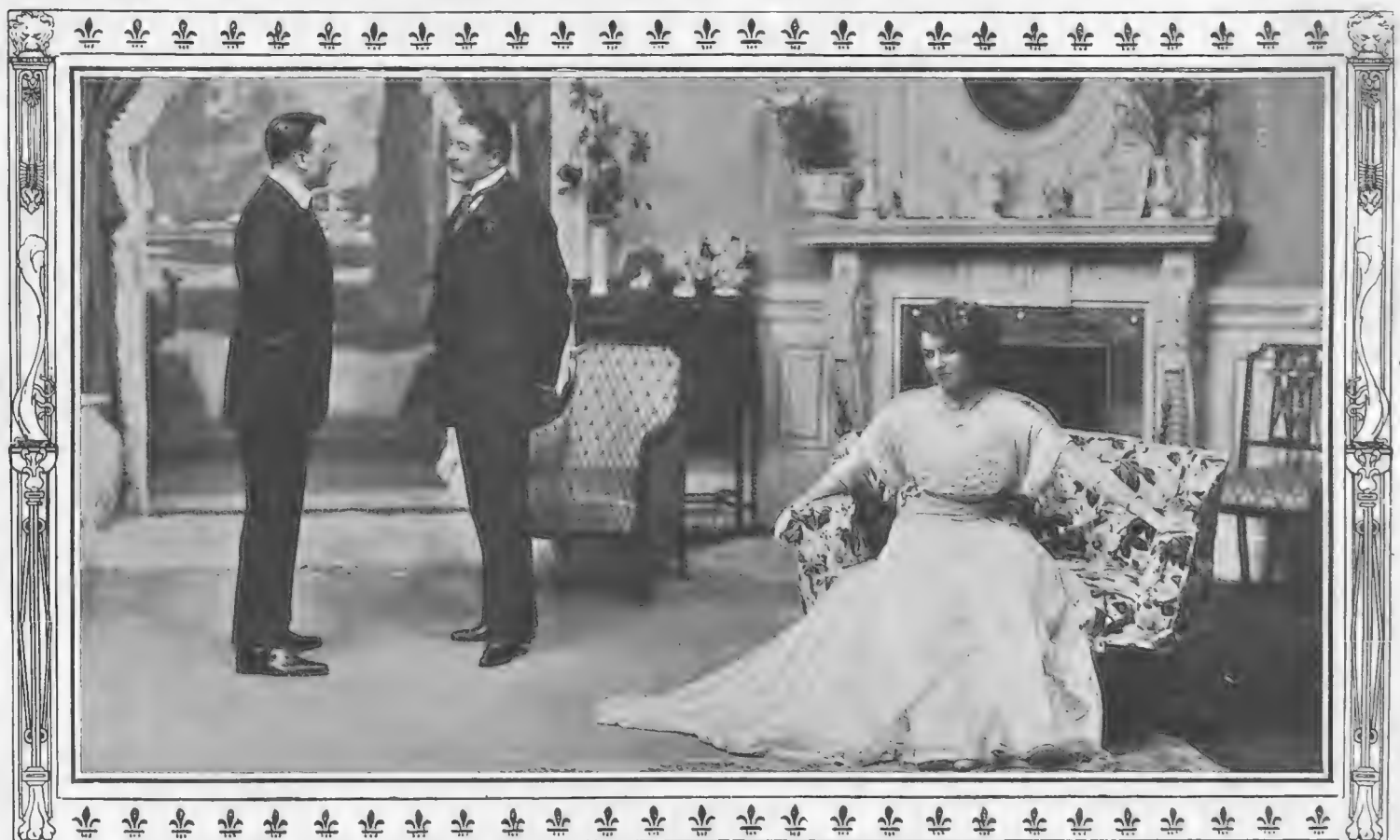
Ambrose Holland.

Mr. Parker-Jennings
(Mr. R. Whyte jun.).

Jack Straw
(Mr. Charles Hawtre).

Vincent Parker-Jennings
(Mr. Percy R. Goodyer).

MRS. PARKER-JENNINGS SEEKS TO TURN JACK STRAW OUT OF HER HOUSE, STILL BELIEVING HIM TO BE THE WAITER,
AND FINDS THAT HE WILL NOT GO.



Marquess of Serlo
(Mr. Louis Goodrich).

Jack Straw.

Ethel Parker-Jennings
(Miss Dagmar Wiehe).

THE MARQUESS OF SERLO THREATENS TO KICK JACK STRAW OUT OF THE HOUSE, WHEREUPON THAT GENTLEMAN CONGRATULATES HIMSELF
UPON THE FACT THAT HE IS THE CHAMPION AMATEUR BOXER OF POMERANIA.

— So, as the Archduke, he goes to the Parker-Jenningses, and has an excellent time. Then the family discover that he is the person who waited upon them, promptly make themselves as rude as possible, and seek to have him thrown out of the house. In answer to this, he smiles blandly and refuses to go, on the ground that if he is made to go, he will reveal the whole story to the local papers and to the Parker-Jenningses' friends. In the end, of course, it is discovered that he really is the Archduke Sebastian, and all is well.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"LE CHANT DU CYGNE."

By MM. Duval and X. Roux.

Théâtre de l'Attenée.

Laverdière, as all scientists should, knows quite a bit. He has golden spectacles, a fair beard, and rather a silly expression; but these things do not prevent him from being an ardent admirer of the sex which, as the poet has it, cheers and sometimes inebriates. When the curtain goes up on the first act Simone Laverdière breaks down on her father's shoulder. She wipes her pretty eyes, gulps, gurgles, and declares to her fond father that her husband no longer loves her as he did and ought to. A pleasant smile twinkles in and out of the Marquis de Sambre's grey moustache. He reminds his daughter that he has been a bit of a dog in his own day, that he knows what's what, and that husbands will—well, that husbands will now and then forget that they have sworn to love and cherish one small wife, to the exclusion of all other ladies. "Tut, tut!" says Simone. And "Toot, toot!" says a motor-car outside the castle gates. The car, which has broken down because its driver wished it to, is owned by Mme. Jessie Cordier. Jessie is a young widow with a fascinating little way about her, and a taste for the humanities. Yes, I mean both kinds of humanities, an it please you. It doesn't altogether please Simone, because her own husband—fair beard, gold-rimmed glasses, and all—is one of the humanities Madame Jessie Cordier likes to cultivate.

The Marquis soon finds this out. A red herring will never deceive an old foxhound, and when, after telling him that she knows Laverdière by name and very slightly only, Jessie blushes at Laverdière's arrival, and Laverdière says, "Hallo, duck—I should say, *Bonjour, très chère Madame*," the Marquis winks the other eye, clears his mental vision and his throat with a portentous "Ha! ho! hum!" and thinks a bit. Laverdière has told Jessie that he is the unhappy husband of a woman much older than himself. Jessie has come to see, sees Simone, finds her quite charming, and tells Laverdière what she thinks of him with as much emphasis as though the ring were on the other finger, as it were. Laverdière is apologetic, promises a visit to Paris and a little cheque to buck up a scientific review which Jessie Cordier runs, the motor-car is quickly mended, and Laverdière gets one of those telegrams which all you bold, bad husbands know, and cuts up to Paris by the first train. The

train is a slow one, but the old Marquis's train of thought is pretty rapid. And, as I have said, the old boy himself has been pretty rapid in his day. So he pops his dress clothes and his cheque-book into his suit-case and nips up to Paris as well. And the next act takes us to the offices of the *Revue Scientifique*, the editor of which is Jessie Cordier.

Things are going rather badly. The last subscriber but four has declined to renew his subscription, and Jessie is determined to charm Laverdière out of a substantial cheque by fair means or by—well, to charm him out of a substantial cheque. But while Laverdière is grappling with the preliminaries, the Marquis de Sambre, with his arm round the office boy's dainty waist (the office boy on the *Revue Scientifique* is of the same sweet sex as all the rest of the staff), walks into the room. He is a masterful old boy, and he takes things in hand a bit. He gets rid of his son-in-law, orders up dinner, and tickles Jessie Cordier's tender little heartlet with a diamond ringlet. And at dessert the gay old Marquis suggests that it is a pity that so pretty a little woman as his hostess (who has dined on crayfish and champagne, and feels like that) should be so much of a blue stocking. "But that is only metaphorical," she says. "Hum!" says the Marquis, "never shall it be said that I contradict a lady, but I am told that your stocking is bright blue, quite literally as well as metaphorically." I don't know the colour of the lady's stocking even now, but the play turned of a gentle azure just then right enough. For Jessie Cordier was determined that there should be no mistake, pulled up her—showed her—oh, well, there, you know, don't you?—the Marquis de Sambre turned out the electric light, and down came the curtain.

Between the time that Laverdière went and the dinner came, the Marquis had contrived to pick a quarrel with a friend of Jessie Cordier's, and to arrange for a morning

duel. And the next act shows us the return home of the prodigal papa with a light heart, a lighter pocket-book, and a little wound in the left arm. Jessie is so affected by the old swan's devotion in her service, that she has come to kiss the place and make it well. But the Marquis declares that—or—that his voice has now left him, that he will never sing again, and bids the gentle scien-

tific Jessie go her naughty ways, and be no more seen, if I may so express it.

Laverdière and Simone are reconciled, and settle down to convert dear papa, and—curtain. A sentimental little play, this, peppered with cayenne.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL



TRANSLATOR OF "LES BOUFFONS".

MR. JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

"Les Bouffons," the poetic play by Miguel Zamacois, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt made so great a success in Paris last season, was translated (or adapted) into English by Mr. John N. Raphael, and has been exceptionally well received in America. It is called "The Jesters," and the leading part is played by Miss Maud Adams.—[Photograph by Sjövald.]



AT THE TIVOLI IN A MIMODRAME: Mlle. COLLETTE ORIGNY.

Mlle. Origny, who is appearing at the Tivoli in a mimodrame, thus makes her début in this country.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



A CROSS MADE BY NATURE IN THE ROCKIES: THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS, COLORADO.

The Mountain of the Holy Cross is in the heart of the Rockies, and is 14,000 feet in height. It is regarded by many with superstitious awe, for a gigantic cross appears upon it, and stands out with startling clearness. This cross is formed by fissures in the rock.



DOES THE EARTH REVOLVE ON ITS AXIS? THE CHAPEL IN WHICH IT WAS PROVED THAT IT DOES.

A number of scientists gathered in the chapel of Columbia University recently, to witness a repetition of the experiment by which Foucault proved, in 1850, that the earth revolves on its axis. Particulars of the experiment will be found on the "Woman-About-Town" page.—[Photograph by P.-J. Press Bureau.]



ESKIMOS INSULTING ONE ANOTHER.

When the Eskimo particularly desires to insult one of his fellows he approaches him and places his hand in the position shown in the photograph, which, by the way, was taken in the North-West of Canada.—[Photograph supplied by R. Ganthony.]



"THE DAIRYMAIDS" IN ARMENIA.

The photograph, which was taken near Marsovan, the seat of the celebrated Anatolian College, shows Armenian dairymaids making butter in a goat-skin churn—distinctly a primitive, if an effective, method.



TO MARRY MISS CYNTHIA FITZCLARENCE: MR. ROLAND ORRED, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Photograph by Thomson.

All those who wish well to Russia, but on the Continent, should rejoice at the meeting between the King of England and the Tsar, and it is to be hoped that so long a period as seven years will not again elapse before the young Russian Sovereign has once more the opportunity of meeting our wise and experienced ruler.

A Brilliant Bridal.

To-morrow takes place, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, a very brilliant bridal, for both bride and bridegroom are exceptionally young and good-looking. The former, Miss Cynthia Fitzclarence, is a great-granddaughter of William IV., her grandfather, Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, having been the favourite son of the Sailor King. Mr. Roland Orred, of the Coldstream Guards, is, through his mother, a nephew of that most energetic of politicians, Mr. George Lane Fox.

The New Earl of Arundel.

As was provisioned in *The Sketch* a fortnight ago, there is once more a bearer of what is perhaps the finest of courtesy titles. For the first time in history, an Earl of Arundel has been born in the beautiful castle which dates from the days of King Alfred, and from which the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Norfolk takes his title. The arrival of this most important baby has brought the Earl Marshal hundreds of

CROWNS: CROWNETS: & CORTICERS

THE fact that the King had not met the Tsar for seven years must have come as a surprise to many people interested in foreign politics. The closest ties of friendship as well as of relationship bound our Sovereign to his brother-in-law, the late Emperor of Russia; and it was to the then Prince of Wales that the Empress Dagmar and her devoted children turned when the great monarch who had earned for himself the title of The Peacemaker lay dying at Livadia.

congratulatory messages from every class of the community, from Royalty downwards. His Grace showed his zealous patriotism during the South African War, and in less romantic but in equally sterling fashion, he served his country as Postmaster-General. His Duchess, the elder of Lord Herries' two daughters, is descended from one of the heroes of the '45.

A Golfing Earl. Lord Chesterfield, who did so well in the Parliamentary golf handicap, is acknowledged



TO MARRY MR. ROLAND ORRED: MISS CYNTHIA FITZCLARENCE, GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF WILLIAM IV.

Photograph by Thomson.

to be, as befits the bearer of this historic title, one of the best-dressed, best-looking, and best-mannered men in London. His taste is unerring, and there can be no doubt that he sets many a masculine fashion. For some reason or other he was regarded as a confirmed bachelor, and the news of his engagement to the lovely Miss Enid Wilson, the late Lord Nunburnholme's daughter, was received at first with incredulity. But married they were at St. Mark's, North Audley Street—the most popular bridal couple of 1900. Both Lord and Lady Chesterfield are keen on sport; Lady Chesterfield's bridesmaids wore hunting "pink"; and one of her presents from her bridegroom was—a rifle!

The First Lord of the Admiralty's Honeymoon.

The First Lord of the Admiralty and Mrs. Reginald McKenna are spending their honeymoon at Hurley House, in the charming little village known to all lovers of the Thames as a peculiarly beautiful and sequestered spot. Mr. McKenna, as an old Blue, knows every twist and turn of the grand old river, and attached to Hurley House—the property of his brother, Mr. Theodore McKenna—is a commodious boathouse, which adds a picturesque touch to the banks as seen from Hurley Lock. Hurley House, though only a few moments' walk from the river, is not seen from the Thames.



THE MOTHER AND THE SISTER OF THE NEW EARL OF ARUNDEL: THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AND LADY RACHEL FITZALAN-HOWARD.

Photograph by Speaight.



THE SCENE OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY'S HONEYMOON: HURLEY HOUSE.



THE SCENE OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY'S HONEYMOON: HURLEY HOUSE (THE BOATHOUSE).

Photographs by Goot and Smith.

BRUMMELL, BUT PERHAPS NOT BEAU.



SPECTACLES AS AN AID TO BEAUTY: A CENTRAL AFRICAN WHO WOULD BE QUITE EUROPEAN,
DON'T YOU KNOW!

It will be seen that the coloured dandy whose portrait is here given wears a fillet, earrings, a collar, and a bolero of beads, plus—and this is most important—a pair of spectacles with bead frames. There is no glass to the spectacles, which are obviously worn as an aid to beauty, in the belief that the white man wears his spectacles as ornaments, not for any utilitarian purpose.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Curse and Creed.

Parliament has been mildly cursing the men who remove their neighbours' landmarks. According to the statements made on the occasion, there be many under the dread ban. And yet the anathema is one which we are all taught early to declaim. It was the first denunciation uttered by Macaulay. While he was still in

very small pinafores he had a garden fenced about with oyster-shells. These shells the maid one day cast out as rubbish. The babe stumped into the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining the primiest of the Clapham Set. "Cursed be Sally," he piped. "Cursed be Sally; for it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.'" The curse was a boon and blessing to the late Hon. "Jimmy" Lowther at a meeting of his constituents, where a heckler demanded his opinion of the Athanasian Creed. Anything about Turf or "tups" he would have answered with ease; about this he was less certain. Still, cheerfully making a shot at it, he answered with spirit, "On the whole, 'Yes,' for all of us who have to do with land must appreciate the force of the noble precept, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.'"

The Simple Plan.

The royal princess who is said to have eloped with a gentleman not born in the purple apparently believes, with Max O'Rell, that the introduction of plebeian blood is good for the royal houses of Europe. It is a creed which may not be preached at Courts, the rules as to royal marriages being at least as strict on



VERY LIKE A GILDED TELEGRAPH-POLE: A TEMPLE PILLAR COVERED WITH COPPER PLATED WITH GOLD.

The pillar is at Masulipatam, India, and cost £1385.

the Continent as at our own. The marriage of the Grand Duke Vladimir marked a departure not commonly recognised. The Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, his bride, was not of his religious faith, nor would she conform to it. German Princesses had held out against exchanging their faith for the Orthodox, hence there had been no marriages between their houses and those of Russia. The Tsar was greatly perturbed. Could this thing be? he asked his wise men. They searched records and precedents, and found that there was no explicit prohibition of such a marriage, but it was plainly written that no member of the Imperial family who had married a Princess of a different faith from his own could ascend the throne, though the children of such marriage might. Thus the law was, and thus it remains.

Beauty's Armada.

The news that the ladies are to wear Directoire gowns for bathing at the seaside this summer, to wear poke-bonnets; and carry sun-shades in the water must be exciting for the dressmakers. It is to be hoped that, whatever may be said as to the

ladies themselves, their colours will prove "fast." After all, should the proposition come to anything, it will be but a reversion to a style of things fashionable in the good old days.

The time has been when gentlemen caught bathing while ladies were in the water had to pay for wine round. They ordered these things differently when Bath was in its hey-day. There both sexes took the baths together, and dressed elaborately for the part. Both wore resplendent robes; the ladies had their hair dressed with as great care as for the theatre; the men wore their powdered wigs. Moreover, the ladies went provided for a long stay. They took with them into the water little wooden boats, in which they floated scented handkerchief, fan, bon-bons, and—well-primed snuff-box.



WHAT WILL MR. SHAW SAY? AN INDIAN BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM—THE BRIDE AGED 6 YEARS, THE BRIDEGROOM, 14.

Hard Hitting.

Sir Algernon West quotes in his new volume a quaint description of Mr. Swinburne: "The Duke of Argyll possessed of a devil." The phrase is unlikely to disturb the equanimity of our greatest poet; he has heard harder sayings—and returned them. In that famous "Fleshly School" controversy the assailant spoke of him as "jumping up with his neck stretched out like a gander"; and later made Tennyson say of him: "To the door with the boy: call a cab; he is tipsy; and they carried the naughty young gentleman out." The critic was suspected of employing more than one disguise, and the poet, in his fierce rejoinder, dubbed him a "multi-faced idyllist of the gutter" and a "poly-pseudonymous lyrist and libeller." Even to-day it seems a little curious that the man who began the battle should invoke the aid of the law against the paper which continued it. But he did, and got £150 damages.

The Tree of Fate.

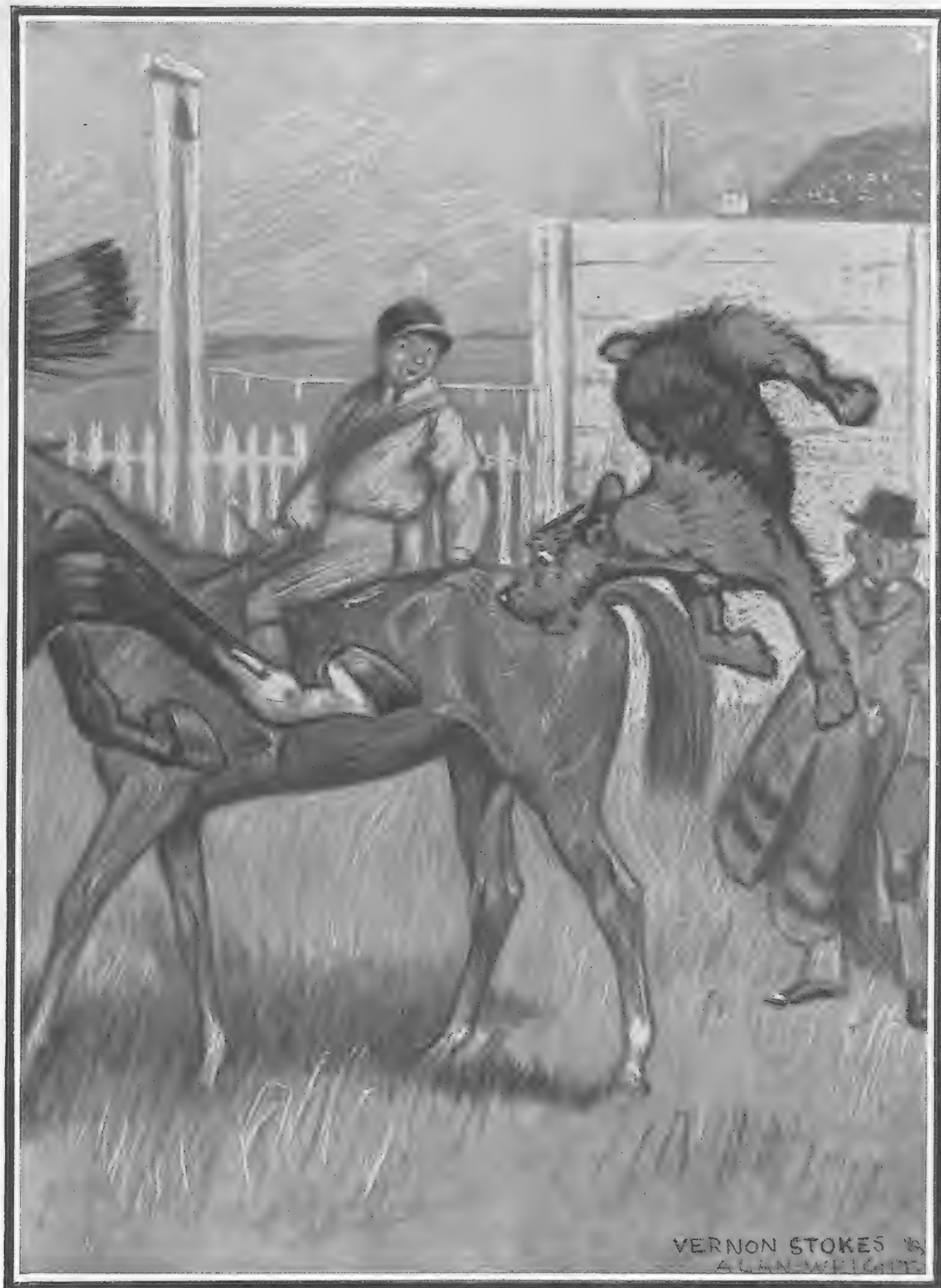
Had King Edward's visit to Russia taken place forty years ago, how ardent would have been the hopes of Poland! It was then that they were striving for the emancipation from Russian rule which an English Minister declared to be their due. They fondly hoped that help to that end was to come to them out of England, and daily gathered upon the banks of the Vistula to look for a fleet flying the Union Jack sailing up from Dantzic. England kept her fleet at home, so the Poles looked out for miracles. They possessed, and almost worshipped, a certain mystic pear-tree. Above it there appeared a golden cross in the noonday sky, they declared, and daily congregated in multitudes to read its message of hope. Threat of British intervention no longer distracting them, the Russians fell upon the tree of promise. With complete disregard for Polish romance and imagination, they hewed down that tree, and fiery crosses and hope of emancipation died out with it.



IMAGINE SITTING BEHIND IT IN A THEATRE: AN ENORMOUS COIFFURE RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN VIENNA.

Photograph by Carl Seebald.

The Derby Dog Has His Day.



III.—PERRIER, THE DERBY DOG, INSPECTS THE FAVOURITE—AT TOO CLOSE QUARTERS.

DRAWN BY VERNON STOKES AND ALAN WRIGHT.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WITH the recurrence of the Oaks, Mr. Lewis Waller, who is on the eve of producing Mr. Somerset Maugham's new play, "The Explorer," must have been reminded of an incident a year or two ago, when he and Mr. Fred Terry had the doubtful pleasure of being welshed. He invited several members of his company and some friends, including Mr. Fred Terry, to accompany him, and drove down from town on a coach. While they were lunching, Mr. Waller suddenly remembered that he had been given a strong tip for the next race, and said he would go across to Tattersall's and back it. Mr. Terry, however, suggested that as the lobster salad was too good to leave, they should make their bets with a bookmaker whose stand was near them. Mr. Waller and Mr. Terry accordingly went over and made a bet with him, but, finding there was still time, Mr. Waller decided to go across to the ring and back the horse there as well. There he remained to watch the race and see the "strong tip" come off. Then he strolled over to the coach to congratulate Mr. Terry and the others who had followed the same tip. On arriving he found an excited crowd around the bookmaker. Not only did the winners not get their money, but they had to submit to the chaff of their friends for the rest of the afternoon. To add insult to injury, that night, at their respective theatres, both Mr. Waller and Mr. Terry had cards handed to them requesting the favour of two stalls in the name of the bookmaker.

Practical jokes are not often played on the stage during the performance nowadays. Once, however, in the days of his theatrical youth, Mr. Lawrence Grossmith permitted himself the indiscretion of doing this, with Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, while they were both members of Mr. Tree's company on tour. The play was "Julius Cæsar," and Mr. Grossmith had to appear in five or six different "make-ups"—they could hardly be called parts—including the Third Citizen. In the great scene over Cæsar's body, in the third act, he had to cry, "There is not a nobler man in Rome than Antony." He got tired of announcing this patent fact night after night, to say nothing of the matinées, so one day, he and Mr. Du Maurier agreed to change parts, and incidentally to change their places on the stage. Mr. Grossmith's place was high up on a scaffolding—if one may talk of scaffoldings in ancient Rome—while Mr. Du Maurier's position was close to Mr. Tree's right hand. When the scene came on Mr.

Du Maurier, made up in the likeness of the late Sir Henry Irving—even to the solecism of pince-nez stuck on his nose!—climbed up to Mr. Grossmith's erstwhile elevated position, and, when

his cue came, proclaimed in an Irvingesque voice the words which used to be shouted by Mr. Grossmith. Mr. Tree, naturally taken off his guard at the unexpected intonation, looked around in amazement, and in a moment took in the joke which had just been enacted for his benefit. Mr. Grossmith, who had taken Mr. Du Maurier's place close to Mr. Tree's right hand, was standing watching the effect of the jest, when Mr. Tree opened the parchment of Cæsar's will, and, with a flourish, struck the young actor on the forehead. It may have been an accident, or it may have been the suggestion of a gentle reprimand. Mr. Grossmith took it in the latter interpretation, and determined to make it serve his purpose for the still further enactment of an impromptu joke. He groaned audibly, and, unobserved, staggered off the stage through the crowd of excited citizens. Then he spurted up to his dressing-room, got some pasté, coloured it to suggest a bruise, stuck it on his forehead where he had been struck, and made his way back to the stage. Mr. Tree chanced to notice him. To his dismay, he saw what looked like a bump as big as a pigeon's egg, terribly discoloured, over the young actor's eyebrow. As soon as the curtain had fallen he sent his dresser to Mr. Grossmith to ask him to go to his room. When Mr. Grossmith arrived, Mr. Tree reprimanded him for his tendency to jest in the serious business of the stage, and then expressed his regret for the blow which had produced such, apparently, terrible results. As he did so he touched the bump. It came off in his hand. It was in that way that he discovered Mr. Grossmith's second and unrehearsed effect, and it was soon followed by the young actor's secession from the company.



LA GAJETÉ DE PARIS: MLE. POMPONNETTE, WHO IS APPEARING IN "THE TWO FLAGS," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Hana.

shudder. He was crossing from Australia to New Zealand, and shared a cabin with a Maori. The second day out they had had a

very late night playing bridge and drinking the wine of the country, after which they had a stroll on the deck in the moonlight, when the Maori, who spoke English as well as an Englishman, told Mr. Ross all about his life in England. Then they went down to the cabin and prepared for bed. Before turning in, the Maori began to strop his razor, so as to have it ready for the morning, when he would need it. All of a sudden, he paused with the strop in one hand and the razor in the other, and turning to Mr. Ross,

said, "Isn't it funny that we should be sharing a cabin together?" "Why?" asked Mr. Ross. "Well, you see," replied the Maori, "my father used to eat white men."



Mlle. Genée.

AS AMERICA SAW HER: MLE. ADELINE GENÉE AND SOME OF "THE SOUL KISS" COMPANY IN NEW YORK. Mlle. Genée is due to make her reappearance at the Empire to-night (Wednesday) in a revival of "Coppélia." Our photograph shows her in the Hunting Scene in "The Soul Kiss," at the New York Theatre.—[Photograph by White.]

COLD COMFORT: "PRAY DON'T APOLOGISE!"



THE BILL-STICKER: All right, Sir; my fault!

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE Rev. Alfred J. Church has been, he tells us in his "Memories of Men and Books," a reviewer on the staff of the *Spectator* for forty years, and he confesses to an average of nearly three books a day, or a thousand a year. And so we have a pretty problem of literary ethics! Not for a moment do we question the fact that Mr. Church reads the books he reviews. There has long been a convention that your reviewer should read his book; and the man who glances at the preface and the index and picks an anecdote, or an inaccuracy, or, more rarely, a good sentence from the text, has ever had stones thrown at him from crystal-palaces of righteousness. And yet he is doing what all the world, from the corn-merchant to the hanging-committee of the Royal Academy must do—he is judging by samples.

And your reviewer, if he is worth his pay, must be a man of prejudices and even peculiarities. The better he be the quicker will he jump at his judgments. The bad reviews are not those that are the results of instinctive likes and dislikes: they are the result of hesitation and pause, the result of having come to no decision as to whether the author is your opponent or your ally by the time you have finished the last chapter—the result, in other words, of having to read a book to the last page.

A comparison, in many ways inapposite, may be made between the critic of books and the critic of pictures. The first glance will tell you the essential points of a canvas, and very often no more is learnt of the most masterly pictures by a second. The complete satisfaction or complete disgust of the first momentary impression will brook no modification during half-an-hour's study; and yet you must sit down in your friend's studio and pretend a lengthened examination, or fail in your duty. In reality, the whole thing was settled before you had got fairly in at the door. And so with books. The words may glance up at you, the sentences may rush in; you gallop across a page, and your review is complete except for the writing. And yet, in decency, should not Mr. Church have been silent about that little batch of forty thousand books? Authors are apt to be indignant: haste explains the bad reviews, say they.

There is one safeguard in such numbers: if three books must be read—or, rather, reviewed—each day, it is unlikely that the reviewer will do more than a single review of any one of them. Seven notices of a certain novel, scattered through the Press, is the brave record of a certain modern Scottish reviewer! His sad case was that, at the finish of the seventh, he was involved in his great conspiracy to persuade other people to read a book that he detested. Tell the plot of a pleasing novel seven times, and the excellence of a hero, and the sweetness of a heroine, and the advantages of the author's style—seven times, and differently each time—and

they will have become, with all good-will and good pens and ink, very haggard joys to you!

The question as to whether the critic in a hurry is as good as the critic with time and to spare is raised in the controversy—to give it a polite name—between Mr. Bernard Shaw and Lord Alfred Douglas. Possibly Lord Alfred Douglas misheard and misquoted a sentence from "Getting Married." He visited the theatre for twenty-five minutes, and was all the time in a flurry of protest and dislike. The very fact that he misheard and aggravated

what he believed to be a grossness in the text of the play expresses more forcibly than any calmer statement could have done the effect the thing had on him. His notice, therefore, may have been exceedingly unjust to a particular sentence uttered by a particular actor, but was it not the best sort of criticism in that it summed up and even caricatured the impressions he received? It is on this ground, one must suppose, that Lord Alfred Douglas, while admitting that he may have misheard, tenders no apology for the detail of his mistake and refuses point-blank to withdraw "voluntarily" (the word was Mr. Bernard Shaw's and was italicised) the whole impressionary criticism that he wrote with his own hand for the *Academy*.

Among the late François Coppée's most interesting friendships was that with Corot. Corot, of course, was not a man of much literature. "Who is this 'ere Rudyard Kipperling?" was the 'bus-driver's question. And it is reported of Corot that he made just such an inquiry in regard to Victor Hugo when the author of "Hernani" was at the height of his fame. But the poets themselves were more alert. Gautier added the painter's name to the Parnassus dictionary as early as the 'thirties of the last century, and François Coppée it was who made the verses that were recited

at the unveiling of the monument to Corot at his own little hamlet of Ville d'Avray.

The two main associations of Ville d'Avray are being slowly but firmly amalgamated. Access to Corot's little house can be had from the garden of the restaurant at the door of which your Parisian taxicab deposits you. Now Balzac's house is a mile or so away, and if you are allowed to wander there as well, you may disturb your host's nice calculation in omelettes, or worse, you may not return at all to the clean, prosaic little table set within sight of the dirty, prosaic little ponds which Corot's brush promoted to the rank of exquisite lakes. Therefore, it has been more or less firmly established as a tradition of the restaurant that Balzac lived with Corot in the little house near by. But not until "Baedeker" falls in with the conspiracy will many tourists consent to people the little house with the double and incongruous memories that are pressed upon them.

M. E.



MOTORIST (who has had a breakdown): Well, my boy, can your father lend us an animal of any sort?
THE BOY: Yes, Sir. He sez as 'ow you can 'ave a go at this ferret for a bob if you've a mind to.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

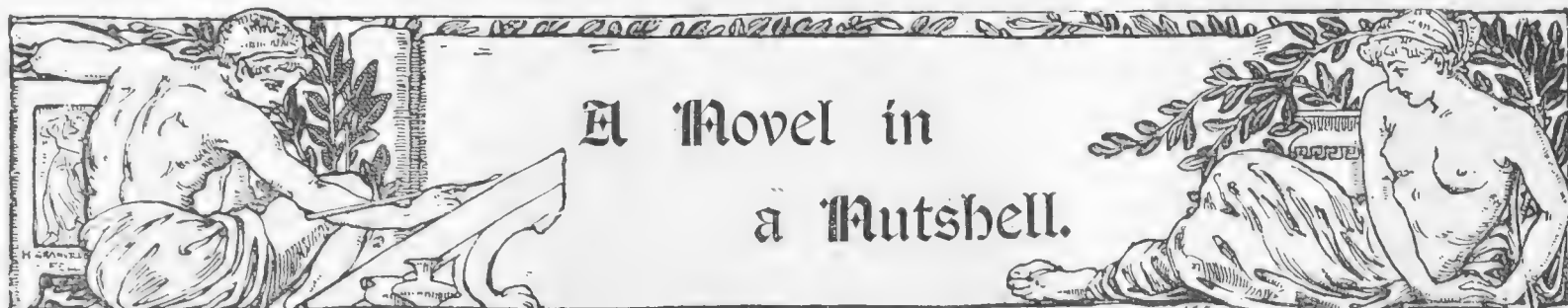
A REGULAR FRAUD.



THE CIGAR-SMOKER: Wot for did Jim go and smash that street conjurer larst night?

THE PIPE-SMOKER: I don't blame 'im. Yer see, the bloke arks someone to lend 'im a 'andkerchief, so as 'e could turn it into a white rabbit. Jim 'ands 'im 'is, and dárned if it don't come out a black rabbit with only one white spot.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



THE REFORMATION OF BURGLAR BILL.

BY F. J. RANDALL.

MR. RICHARD BURROWS walked into the churchyard of St. Mary's and seated himself disconsolately on a tombstone. The clock had struck eleven, and the neighbourhood of Littleminster was wrapped in slumber. A light wind ruffled the grass and blew coolingly on Mr. Burrows' worried brow, as he shifted his hat to the back of his head. Now and again the moon emerged and lighted up the weather-beaten gravestones. Directly in front of Mr. Burrows a green-and-white slab recorded the decease of one John Podgers.

"Wish it was me," said the unhappy wanderer; "I might as well be dead for all I can see."

Now this was taking a pessimistic view of affairs. True, Dick Burrows had cause to be down in the mouth; but not to that extent. Other men have invented things, to find that an unappreciative world received them with derision, and have got up and invented something else that made the world laugh on the other side of its face, so to speak. Possibly Dick would do the same later on; at present it was fresh in his mind that the last firm of any importance had returned his patent collar-stud.

He got up from his hard bench and looked moodily over the low churchyard wall. A panorama of fine country was spread before him, dotted with stately villas. The moonlit roofs seemed to flash insultingly at Mr. Burrows, and jeer at him for presuming to think that his miserable collar-stud would bring such reward as their own cosiness. He turned from them to the sacred and solid edifice of the church. He wanted quiet, to think it out and get over it.

Mr. Burrows tried the door, and, to his surprise, found it open. This was strange, and he expected to find somebody inside. To all appearances, nobody was there: the place was still as the grave, as well it might be, considering its juxtaposition to so many of them.

The disappointed inventor tiptoed his way through the moonlit interior, thankful for the calm shelter. Eventually he ensconced himself in a quiet corner, with his feet at full length on a seat. If he could not find rest and consolation here, where in the world would he find it?

Mr. Burrows had been ruminating for some time when a sound disturbed him. It was a metallic sound, and was followed by the light noise of somebody dropping on to the tiled floor of the church. A careful investigation revealed an open window, with a dark form beside it, and another in the aperture. Mr. Burrows guessed at once that these intruders were after the sacred property of the church, and he was right. He could not help smiling at their having taken the trouble to force a window, when the door stood open.

Naturally, Mr. Burrows dismissed his own private affairs for the time and concerned himself with the newcomers. He replaced his legs on the seat and listened. Stealthy, shuffling footsteps came in his direction.

"I don't like it, Bill," said a whispered voice; "it reminds me o' the time when I used ter go ter Sunday-school—when I was a kid."

"Lummy," said Bill, in the same cautious tone, "you ain't 'arf a coughdrop. D'yer s'pose I likes it? It's oof we wants."

The inventor concluded from this that there was "oof" somewhere in the vicinity. The inhabitants of the stately villas attended St. Mary's in large numbers, so probably there was.

Apparently the nervous intruder stood in the rear while Bill reconnoitred. Mr. Burrows sat quite still, convinced that he was safely screened.

"Wot 'ave yer found, Bill?" said a voice. Bill having been quiet for a short period, the natural supposition was that he had made a discovery.

"Bottle o' something good," said Bill. "Come and 'ave a drop, 'Arry."

The tempting smack of Bill's lips was too much for Harry, and he proceeded to approach nearer.

"Didn't know they kep' sperrits in a church," he whispered.

"Taint sperrits," said Bill. "'Ave a swig."

Mr. Burrows could not see the intruders, but he imagined that Bill had generously pressed the bottle upon his companion, judging by his earnest exhortation to him not to drop it.

"I don't think I will, mate," said 'Arry solemnly. "I b'lieve it's wot they calls 'oly wine. I won't 'ave none, old man."

It would have been interesting to see Bill's face, if the pregnant silence that followed was of any account.

"'Oly wine?" said Bill at last. "Carn't be—it's too good."

"It's wot they calls sakerid," said the nervous 'Arry. "Don't you touch no more, old pal. It won't do yer no good."

There was more meaning in this advice than Bill supposed, but he was too hardened to take it in any but a literal sense.

"I won't," he replied; "there ain't none left."

It ought to have struck Mr. Burrows at this point that here was a wavering creature being dragged into a crime for which he had no taste or inclination. The influence of 'Arry's schooldays was still upon him in manhood, despite the fact, which may safely be supposed, that his youth had been passed amid lawlessness and bad companions. It became more patent later on.

"You git round the other side and 'ave a look," said Bill; "we don't want to waste no time. Come and tell me if you find anything."

The other seemed to stand a moment in indecision, and then spoke.

"Bill," he said, in quavering accents, "I don't like this job. Let's chuck it and get out. It don't seem right bein' 'ere."

Bill swore under his breath.

"'Ark at 'im," he said, addressing an imaginary audience: "after me a-tryin' to teach 'im the perfession. It's bloomin' eart-breaking, that's wot it is. Wot a' yer a-grumblin' at?"

"It's a church, Bill," said his pal.

"A course it is," said Bill.

"And we're inside of it" said the other sorrowfully.

"Well," said Bill, "an' if the oof was outside we'd be outside of it. 'Ow you do talk! I s'pose you wishes it was a pub?"

The other man sniffed.

"I didn't never mean to get breakin' in churches."

"Course you didn't!" said Bill contemptuously. "Catch you breakin' in anythink unless its the kid's money-box, or a lady's boodoor, p'raps. An' the time I've spent a-teachin' of that chep," he added in soliloquy. "'E won't never do me no credit, I know 'e won't!"

The other man sighed audibly, and Bill proceeded to move about, evidently in search of valuables. Presently he gave voice to an exclamation that brought his wavering companion nearer again.

"Wot is it?" he asked.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE BEST THAT WAS WORSE THAN GOOD.



THE JUDGE: You'd better be careful, or I shall commit you for contempt of court.

THE LADY: Don't be 'ard on me, yer Wurship. I'm a-doin' me best ter conceal me feelin's.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

"I've found 'im," said Bill; "the little rascal! Tried to 'ide from his Uncle Billy, but it wasn't no go. Now I gets me little tin-opener, and takes his interior, jest as a punishment. Wot d'yer say now, 'Arry?"

"Wot I says," replied 'Arry, in a vehement whisper; "is this: Chuck it, and come away. The oof wot gets took out of a church won't do no good. You mark them words o' mine, Bill!"

"I shall mark you on the conk," said Bill inelegantly, "if I gits much more advice o' that sort. You're a fair disface, swelp me bob, you are!"

Mr. Burrows judged that the strenuous Bill had come upon a safe, by the persuasive epithets he addressed to it, and his satisfaction showed that he was no novice at dealing with these receptacles. Dick heard him cooing softly to himself as he produced from about his person various articles which gave out a faint, silvery chink as they met the floor.

"You'll never open that, Bill," said the pessimistic 'Arry. "It's too big and 'eavy and strong."

"You didn't expect it to be made o' cardboard, did you?" said Bill pleasantly. "Don't you worry. I've met these cheps before; they're old pals o' mine."

"You'll never do it," said his colleague.

"Parsons," said Bill, ignoring this observation, "don't know nothing about lockin' up valibles. They likes to do it on the cheap. They buys a little box wot takes their fancy, with lots of pretty paint and gold lines on; and the conserkwents is that we 'as to remove it, jest to show 'em the error o' their ways. Now you can give a look out while I does the operation."

With another sigh the pessimist moved away, and Bill set about his task. He was not at all vicious about it, but kept up in a low undertone a running fire of railery, such as "Awfully sorry, but we're a bit short this week"; "It breaks me 'eart ter do it"; "Don't say you won't come open, 'cause you've got to"; "It's yer Uncle Billy after them quids."

To the hidden inventor, who had slaved laboriously and honestly in the interests of the nation's collar comfort, the good temper and confidence of Bill might have opened up the superiority of burgling over invention, had he been disposed to contemplate a change of profession. He was in the mood for quarrelling with honest folk. But the necessity for keeping an alert mind forbade any rambling speculation. He listened to Bill's operations in silence.

The outpost presently drew near again.

"'E's a bit obsternit," said Bill; "I shall 'ave ter smack 'im if he don't act good and give up them quids of his. Naughty!"

"It seems like as if the parsons was agenst yer, Bill," said 'Arry.

The working burglar's reply to this was in a strain that left no doubt of his opinion of his assistant, whom it effectively silenced. He continued at his arduous task, until a noise from without stopped him.

"Wot's that?" said Bill. "'Ave a look."

It was the window through which they had entered blown to by the breeze; but 'Arry's nerves were in too dreadful a state for him to assume that it was anything less than the rigorous hand of the law.

"It's what I expected, Bill. Oh, Lord, to think o' me bein' copped in a place like this! To be copped in a church!"

"If it's all the same to you," said Bill, "I don't want to be copped in

one or out of one." He proceeded to make investigations, and returned satisfied that the wind was at fault.

His snivelling partner revived a little on hearing that there was no danger.

"You git orf out o' my way," said Bill warningly, "afore I does some damage to yer. And you can take a week's notice from ter-night," he added grimly.

The persuasive language ceased now, and Bill's work was accompanied by epithets more forcible than polite. He paused once or twice to comment in a profane way on the delight of having a partner with religious views, and swore by many unmentionable things never even to recognise him again. The task was a tougher one than he expected, but a glad and loud-breathed "Ah!" told the hidden man that the safe-door had at last yielded.

Three seconds of silence, and then Bill swore solemnly. Another silence, and he uttered in low, swift succession a number of fierce oaths.

"Wot are yer doin', Bill?" came a whisper from outside.

"Sayin' me prayers," said Bill.

This answer was doubted.

"Are yer goin' ter chuck it?"

"I'm prayin' agenst tem'tation," was the response. "Lord love old Riley!" added Bill in low tones. "Fust 'im, and then this 'ere. Wot luck!"

Suspicious of the silence, Bill's partner came forward. The moon had disappeared, and the dark lantern was closed.

"'Ave yer got it open?" he asked.

"No," said Bill untruthfully, rising to his feet. "I've bin thinkin' o' wot you said, mate. It don't seem altogether right."

The other was probably too amazed to comment on this remark.

"I remember, now," said Bill; "I once went to Sunday school meself. It's jest come back ter me, and I says, 'Arry is right,' I says; 'I didn't ought ter do it.' And so you are, old pal."

"And you didn't get it open?" said the old pal, with considerable astonishment.

"It was your persuasion," said Bill. "You're the right sort for a pal, 'Arry. I'll take your advice, and we'll git orf. I couldn't take a quid out o' that box now if you begged me to on yer knees."

The footsteps echoed faintly as they departed, and Burrows,

with a sort of dazed surprise, looked to where the open window showed, a dark blue slit in the gloom. The moon reappeared as the two forms clambered up and disappeared.

After a while Burrows got up and looked about him. Taking the direction he believed to be correct, he came upon the safe with its open door. The inventor was naturally curious, for Bill's tone had been one of disappointment. He lit a match and stopped before the safe. It was a big, heavy shell, yawning and empty. The bottom was covered with a thin layer of dust, and in the middle of it lay one coin of the realm: a halfpenny!

As Mr. Burrows stood there with the red end of the match glowing on the ground before him, his own misfortunes came back, and they appeared in a less virulent form.

"After all," he said musingly, "it seems that every profession has its setbacks."

THE END.



HIS AMULET.

[DRAWN BY HOPE READ.]

"'Am in reason is all right; but my 'usband is that wropped up 'in it—well, there, wot us women 'ud do fer love that man 'ud do fer 'am!"



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MRS. E. M. WARD, whose reception at Chester Studios the other day was honoured by the presence of several of the royal family, is a delightful old lady who has taught drawing to more

than one generation of royalty. She is the widow of Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., the well-known historical painter, and oddly enough, though he was no relation to her, she did not have to change her name on her marriage, for she herself comes of a different family of Wards, themselves highly distinguished in the world of art. She is the great-niece of George Morland, and the granddaughter of James Ward, R.A., and it is an interesting sign of heredity in art that she is herself the mother of "Spy," the famous caricaturist; and that one of her daughters is a charming pastel painter.

Her own best-known picture is "Elizabeth Fry Visiting the Prisoners in Newgate," which was dedicated by permission to Queen Victoria. She was constantly doing pictures of her late Majesty's children, and perhaps the best of these is a brilliant sketch of King Edward at the age of fourteen. Both the Duchess of Albany and Princess Alexander of Teck have worked in her studio, and Mrs. Ward even remembers how the late Duke of Albany used to visit her when he was a very little boy, and his great delight was to strut about in her bonnet.

*Bogeys and
Fogeys.*

Lord Newton, whose eldest daughter, the Hon. Lettice Legh, is to be married on Thursday to Mr. John Edgerton Warburton, is a pearl of price to the House of Lords. As an ex-Attaché he is a man of affairs, versed in the ways and wiles of the diplomatists, and when he opens his mouth he does not shrink from calling a spade a spade. We may expect to hear

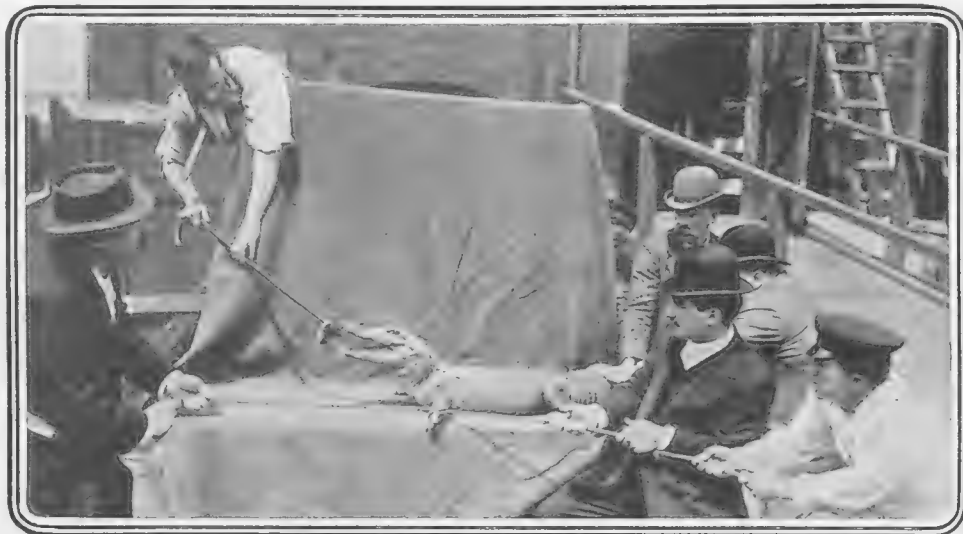
the boldest heterodoxy.

he caused venerable peers to sit back and hold their breath as he declaimed "There are, in fact," he said "no such things as official secrets. They do not exist. The despatch-boxes which follow the foreign representative wherever he goes, and are guarded as if they contained earth-shaking mysteries, rarely contain anything which the world does not know. The boxes which are carried by King's Messengers to the uttermost parts of the world contain very little that is secret." Most of the facts which they contained would, he declared, appear in the morrow's Press.

*The One
Prerogative.*

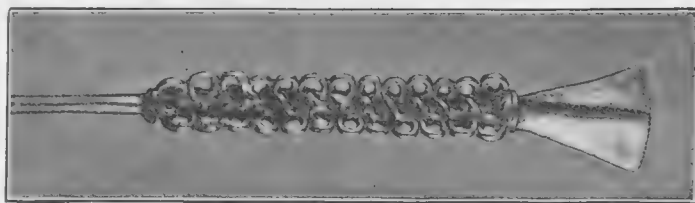
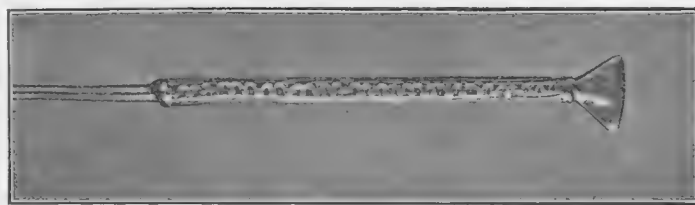
Of course, no one at this time of day expects undergraduates to evince respect for the public men who come before them, no matter how eminent these men be; but, all the same, it is safe to predict an enthusiastic reception for Lord Rosebery when he goes on Friday to be installed as Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. Pleasant recollections linger of the days following his election as Lord Rector. A number of students were invited to Dalmeny, the ex-Premier's seat in Linlithgowshire, and Lord Rosebery spent a really delightful day with them, going over his pictures, his books, and his family relics. Among these that of which he was proudest was an old surgeon's mortar, inscribed with the name of an ancestral Primrose and his profession, "chirurgion." What complaint will the whilom Premier have against his new post? one wonders. He indulged in a little grumble to his guests over the Lord Rectorship. His predecessors had been wont to have the right to nominate eight or ten men for the degree of LL.D. he remarked, while he himself

was denied all prerogatives. "Not all prerogatives," answered a student. "The Lord Rector has the right to demand a holiday for the students." And his host smiled a smile which meant that he would not allow the sole remaining right to lapse for want of exercise.



CRAMMING A CROCODILE—NOT WITH CLOCKS IN THE "PETER PAN" MANNER.

Cramming a crocodile, even a baby—forcing it to take food it does not relish—is a difficult task, and needs the efforts of several men.—[Photograph by Halfones.]



THE FOOT-LONG HATPINS OF THE M'BUM.

The M'bums are excellent craftsmen, as these hatpins bear witness. The pins, it may be remarked, are of hammered copper, are about a foot long, and are used to fasten the gay-coloured, conical hats worn by the negroes. Stones are the only tools used in fashioning them, and form both hammer and anvil.

cessors had been wont to have the right to nominate eight or ten men for the degree of LL.D. he remarked, while he himself



BABIES, ASSORTED: AN EXTRAORDINARY COLLECTION OF CUBS.

The collection includes an Alaskan wolf, an Abyssinian hyæna, a lion, two lion-tiger hybrids, and a grizzly bear.—[Photograph by Halfones.]

more from him before the last word about the publication of official secrets has been spoken. He has a profound contempt for the professed sanctity of much that passes for international mystery. When the subject was up for discussion some few years ago,

KEY-NOTES

THERE must be some considerable difficulty associated with any attempt to judge Miss Ethel Smyth's opera, "The Wreckers," from the performance of certain portions in a concert-hall, but when that performance is given by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Nikisch, with the assistance of a company of selected singers, it must be clear that a very large proportion of the musical points can be noted. The performance of "The Wreckers" derives special interest of a kind from the fact that friends and admirers of the composer have not hesitated to bring many charges against those responsible for opera in London. Stupidity is perhaps the least serious of these charges, and we have to ask ourselves how far these adherents of Miss Smyth are justified, and whether "The Wreckers" would be likely to make an appeal to that exceedingly difficult and uncertain body of men and women, the patrons of Covent Garden. We have to bear in mind the fact that the concert platform does not afford reasonable conditions for the representation of parts of an opera. Scenic accessories and atmosphere play an important part in any work that was deliberately written for the stage, and it may be that a complete performance would reveal many qualities that a concert-hall conceals.

Saturday's performance showed clearly enough that Miss Smyth has secured a fascinating libretto, and that she is a musician of considerable accomplishment. Her mastery over the resources of the modern orchestra is unmistakable, her feeling for a dramatic situation is intensely strong, and her range of musical culture surprisingly wide. Her score must needs be the delight of musicians, and the easy and spontaneous fashion in which she uses musical forms is quite charming. In addition to the purely lyrical music there are folk-songs and ecclesiastical chants, all handled with a certainty of touch that marks the accomplished composer. The weakness of the score, the points that would seem to militate against the chance of successful appeal to the average English audience, are to be found in the preponderance of intellect over emotion. There is emotion in plenty, but it is all too intellectual. The composer has no simple inspiration, little or nothing to say that appeals to the head through the heart, and consequently there can be but a small measure of popularity. The professional musician is perhaps apt to judge music less by what it says than by the fashion of the saying; but the public that supports opera is differently constituted. One must confess to considerable admiration for Miss Smyth's clever score, or such of it as has been heard; but it is not difficult to understand why "The Wreckers" has not yet been produced in London, and there is no occasion to be very angry with the Grand Opera Syndicate,

We are indebted to Mr. William Willis for a very delightful concert, for he engaged the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Nikisch, in order to make his début as a pianist. The occasion was specially interesting, because we heard the rather hackneyed Overture and Venusberg music of "Tannhäuser" given for the first time by Nikisch, and we were able to contrast his reading with that of some of the distinguished conductors who perform the overture whenever they can find an excuse to do so. It may be said that there is nothing very

striking about the Nikisch reading; the perfect balance of the varied thematic material and the clear expression of its message do not vary very much, whether Richter or Weingartner or Nikisch is the interpreter. Exceedingly beautiful was the reading of the "Oberon" Overture; the opening movement had the most poetic effect imaginable. The concert-giver was heard in two concertos, Schumann and Rubinstein being the composers. He has certain qualities that might be displayed to great advantage in less exacting surroundings, but the pianist who can make a great impression at a Nikisch concert must be a much greater artist than Mr. Willis is at present. His cantabile playing was very rough, and in his most exalted moments he showed but a small sense of proportion.

"Rigoletto" has been given at the Opera, with Melba as the heroine and Bonci as the wicked Duke. Some years have passed since the tenor was at Covent Garden, but time has had no ill-effect upon his voice. It still retains an exquisite charm, and he sings his music as if the score meant a great deal to him. Bonci succeeded in giving a fresh charm to such a hackneyed number as "La donna è mobile." Melba was not quite in her best form vocally, but acted with a depth of feeling and a measure of strength that she does not always display.

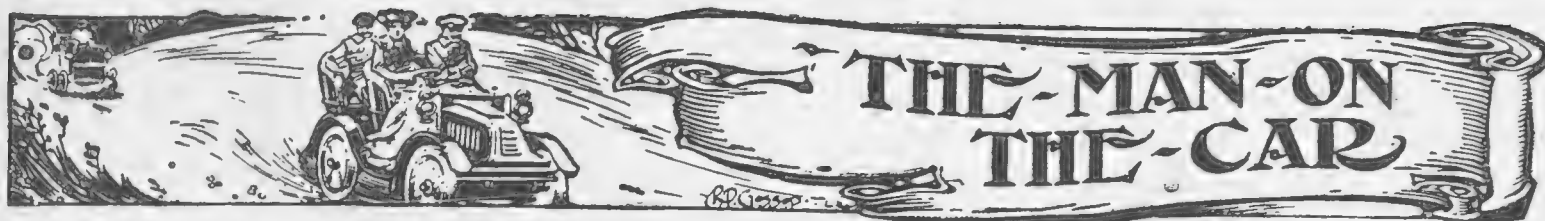
The rest of the singers were well chosen and in good voice. Sammarco, in the title-rôle, had so many moments of real power that one could not avoid the thought that he would have made a great reputation as an actor, if he had not been blessed with a voice. Miss Edna Thornton is growing accustomed to the part of Maddalena, to the great benefit of the quartet in the last act. Signor Campanini handles every score entrusted to him with skill and distinction; but his rendering of "Rigoletto" the other night seemed to be particularly fine. Mention might be made in this place of the revival of "Madama Butterfly," with Mlle. Destinn in the name-part, and Mr. Walter Hyde as Pinkerton. The great Czech artist seems to improve year by year as singer and actress, although it might well seem that improvement is impossible. Mr. Walter Hyde secured a great success in the small part that Caruso has made his own. He deserves special congratulation.

COMMON CHORD.



THE COMPOSER OF "THE WRECKERS": MISS ETHEL SMYTH.

Part of Miss Smyth's much-discussed opera, "The Wreckers," was given at the Queen's Hall last week before a large audience. It deals with Cornish wreckers.—[Photograph by Aimé Dupont.]



THE A.A. ON THE TRACK OF THE HOOLIGAN DRIVER—A PRINCELY CHAIRMAN—THE SECRET OF HILL SUCCESSES?—

TYRE-PRESSURES: PALMERS.

IT would appear that the ways of the inconsiderate hooligan motor-car driver are to be made most particularly agonising if he doth not forthwith mend his manners. For some time past the Royal Automobile Club has taken more or less severe measures with regard to the owner or driver of any car reported to them as outraging the proprieties of the road. I fancy, however, that these measures—such as they were—never advanced beyond a letter of more or less severe reprimand, which must have proved as water to the duck's back in the case of a confirmed and blatant road-hog. Now the Automobile Association are about to take a hand, and having formed a Committee of Public Safety, promise strong and vigorous action with regard to persistent and known offenders. This body's admirable system of scouts should prove of immense assistance to them in this matter, for these men can really distinguish between safe and unsafe driving, and have no incentive, like some of the police, to trump up cases. Here the capabilities of the A.A. are much more far-reaching than those of the Club, and we may confidently expect to see the Association perform more useful work in this regard.

To all but the members of the innermost circles of the Royal Automobile Club, the announcement of Mr. C. D. Rose's resignation of the chairmanship, and the acceptance of that most important and laborious office by H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck, came as a genuine surprise. His Serene Highness succeeds quite a few most able and strenuous men who have left their mark upon automobilism in the discharge of the manifold and trying duties of this onerous position. I can recall Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C.—perhaps the most successful, and certainly the most tactful, urbane, and popular chairman the Club ever possessed; Colonel Holden, R.A., than whom no chairman ever did harder or more conscientious work; the Hon. Art. Stanley, whose labours will never be forgotten; and last, but assuredly not least, the Prince's immediate predecessor, Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., as great and keen a sportsman as a worker, whose

tact in the involved R.A.C. and M.U. matters saved what might very well have proved a disastrous affair for both bodies.

It is alleged that the successes of a certain well-known make of car in some hill-climbs and the like are due to a special form of ignition, and I have been informed—how truthfully I cannot say—that a spark-gap is arranged for inside the cylinder, a double pole plug being used over the induction valve, and the earthing plug proper in another convenient part of the compression-chamber. As I say, I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but even if it be so,

I cannot think it bears very largely upon the continued successes of these cars. I should prefer to pin my faith to the studied design of all parts of these vehicles.

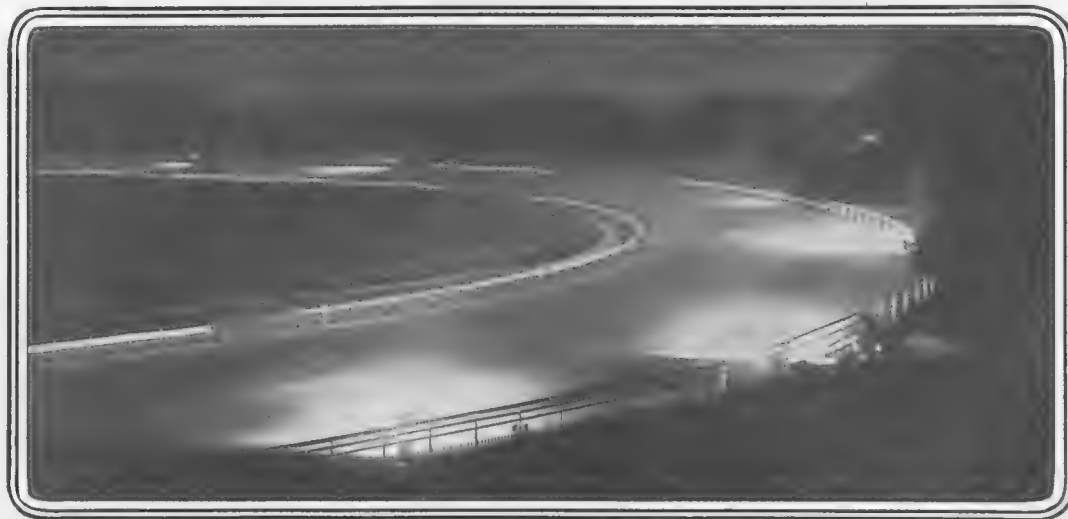
Those private owners of motor-cars who desire to lessen the volume of their yearly tyre-bills will have to turn a deaf ear to the pressure sermons heretofore most erroneously preached by many tyre-manufacturers. The comparatively high pressures long since advocated and followed so religiously by the user, to his frequent undoing, have now been proved to be most undesirable, from all three points of durability, comfort, and speed: first, speed-test upon the Brooklands track, carried out by Mr. S. F. Edge; next, some interesting experiments in steep-hill climbing by Mr. Fred. Eastmead; thereafter, much independent private testimony; and now, the vacation of the high-pressure field by the, at one time, high priest of high, stone-hard pressures, the Palmer Tyre Company. This house, which has been quietly and unostentatiously experimenting for some time past in this direction, has now issued an inflation-table which, compared with its ancient figures, is quite revolutionary. Provided that the tyres, as recommended by the *Autocar*, show 12 millimetres in cross-section for every 100 lb. of load, the usual maker's pressure may be neglected to the extent of 15 per cent. to 20 per cent., with an enormous gain in the three most desirable qualities of wear, comfort, and speed, as mentioned above.



THE LIGHT-GIVERS: THE POWERFUL LAMPS USED TO LIGHT A TRACK WHILE NIGHT RACING IS IN PROGRESS.



A GHOSTLY RACER: A GREAT CAR PHOTOGRAPHED ON A RAINY NIGHT WHILE STANDING UNDER THE GLOW OF SEARCHLIGHTS.



MOTOR-RACING AT NIGHT: AN ILLUMINATED TRACK.

Photographs by Lazarnick.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE HUNT CUP—FUTURES—DERBY HISTORY.

IF the handicappers do their work well, the race for the Royal Hunt Cup this year will be one of the best contests seen for many a long day. Some very smart horses have been entered, and I do hope, for the sake of sport, that the weight-adjusters will give plenty of weight to the presumed "well-kept good things." Andover, who has won before, is once more entered, and he belongs to that good sportsman, Mr. F. Alexander, who bets but little, and runs horses for the good of the game. Of the well-known public performers, a note may be made of Dinneford, Desmond's Pride, and Dean Swift. The latter was expected to go close last year: he is a good horse on his best day. I notice that Malua, who ran such a good second to Land League for the Cambridgeshire, has been entered, and with Maher in the saddle this horse would take a lot of beating. Another animal that people have been anxiously waiting for is Poor Boy, owned by Mr. S. B. Joel, who, by-the-bye, has also engaged Procope. Many people are curious to see what weight will be given to Ouadi Halfa, the French horse recently bought by Mr. Alfred Spalding, a professional backer. This animal is trained in the near neighbourhood of Brighton by J. Hornsby. Gilpin has entered Rodney and Nelson, and the first-named is said to be very fast over a mile. A pause must be made at the name of the French horse, Monitor, who put up a fine victory on the course last year. Another French-bred one, Queenie V., is reported to be very smart. But before taking the race too seriously, we must await the weights. After these have been published, I hope to be able to name an animal, not mentioned to-day, that will as nearly as possible finish first in the race.

Already backers are discussing the claims of certain horses for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, which is not run until July 28. At present the favourites for the race are Little Flutter, a smart juvenile last year; and Solferino, now owned by Lord Cadogan, who, when known as Spinning Solly, ran so well last year. Then the smart Fra Diavolo, trained by Hallick, is well thought of, and Teofani, the fast four-year-old in E. Martin's stable, is also a big street-corner tip for the race. Of course, those who back horses for the race now must understand that wagers are "all in, enter or not." For the Cesarewitch, the favourites are Wise Mason, who ran second to Glacis in the Chester Cup, and Eider, who, it will be remembered, deadheaded for the Ascot Gold Cup with the White Knight, and was afterwards disqualified. Of Eider, it should be noted that Charles Peck has had some trouble with the horse's legs; but, luckily, the Cesarewitch is generally

run in the mud, and if the horse got in with anything approaching a reasonable weight, he would go very close with a smart jockey like Randall in the saddle. I am not surprised to hear

that Rhodora is fancied for the Cambridgeshire by the talent, as she is a filly of the first class. It should, however, be borne in mind that Mr. Croker is not very partial to big handicaps, and the filly may not go to the post. Another animal mentioned for this race is Snow Leopard, trained by Blackwell. He ran badly in the City and Suburban, but he is a good one when thoroughly wound up. Lord Carton, trained by George Chaloner, is very likely to be entered. This is a horse for which backers have been waiting. Another likely one may be mentioned in Desmond's Pride, who so sadly disappointed at Epsom for the City and Suburban.

My friend Mr. Edward Moorhouse, who writes so cleverly as the Special Commissioner to the *Sporting Life*, has just compiled two volumes, entitled "The Romance of the Derby," and it is needless to add that the author has done his work most thoroughly. It takes some doing to get anything like a readable history of the Derby, and even in attempting to give a column résumé of

the principal happenings in the race during the last hundred years it is necessary to attend the British Museum for many days, and search the files very carefully. Some twenty years back a correspondent sent me from the N.W.T. the manuscript for a work to be entitled "The History of the Sixty Derbies." I submitted the copy to two publishers, but neither would entertain it, and the "lines" were returned to their author. He, by-the-bye, was a fair student of racing history and of form, and he used to submit to me at times some very knotty betting and racing problems. It will hardly be believed that in his early life he had been an organist and choir-master in England, but such was the case. On striking the North-West, he settled down to farming. He did well, and became persona grata—so much so, in fact, that he was chosen to act as judge at a local flapping meeting, and in this connection he tells a very funny story. His son was riding in one of the races, and the father, looking round his box, saw his young hopeful leading. The excitement overcame Papa, and he, forgetting the dignity of his position, kept on shouting, "Come on, Jack." Luckily for the peace of the people, Jack won easily, and all ended without any complications.

CAPTAIN COE.



FORTUNATELY, "MR. WINSTON" IS NOT IN PARIS:
A FAIR EQUESTRIENNE RIDING ASTRIDE IN THE
BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Photograph by Royer.



THE DIRECTOIRE BATHING-DRESS, AND THE COAL-SCUTTLE BONNET
FOR BATHERS.

The craze for Directoire dresses is to extend, it is said, to bathing-costumes, in the manner illustrated. The fashionable bather will also adopt the coal-scuttle bonnet of earlier days.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will
be found on our "City Notes"
page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Free-and-Easy Age. We live in an age when ceremony is at a discount, in which—in the higher and the lower classes, at any rate—a freedom of address is used which would have made our grandmothers faint with horror. Everybody in "Society" calls everyone else by their Christian name after the briefest of acquaintances, if not by some endearing if uncomplimentary nickname, and yet, Sir

Algernon West informs us in his *Recollections*, in his youth the Duke of Portland addressed his own sister as "Your Ladyship," while that near relative never asked after the Duke's health without prefacing the question by "Your Grace." These things sound incredible to modern free-and-easy ears. And yet there is one point in which the maligned modern woman is certainly more tactful than her forebears. Some of us can remember a time when stately Dowagers still called their male friends and acquaintances "Smith" and "Robinson" *tout court*, a proceeding which would arouse consternation in a twentieth-century drawing-room. If we must have a familiar style of address, "Dick" or "Jack" is certainly an improvement on the bald surname, which always has an arrogant and patronising sound coming from so called "rosy lips." On the whole, the woman with the cigarette is a much more sociable and philosophic creature than her intimidating grandmother. Great ladies in the 'fifties and 'sixties were imposing and awesome persons, who ruled Society with a rod of iron, and made young men feel their displeasure if they transgressed the smallest social law. And there being no Americans, South Africans, nor *haute finance israélite* in those days, the gilded youth trembled and obeyed, or they would have been dinnerless and danceless for the rest of the season.

Cherubino in the Car.

The eloping chauffeur has become so constant a feature of our modern life as to remind one of the young troubadour or lady's page of mediæval times. But on the whole, the young mechanican has a great advantage over his ancient prototype. Like the troubadour and the page, he is always in milady's pocket; but Cherubino wears a peaked cap and a fierce and anxious expression nowadays. He has your safety in his hands—and incidentally his own—and as all modern women love danger with amusement, the chauffeur becomes as one of the gods, wielding life and death. This omnipotent attitude accounts for the amazing manner in which millionairesses and princesses fall before his bow and spear—I mean his goggles and his singularly grimy hands. Then, too, travelling at an insane speed has a curious but well-known effect on the brain. The world falls away (mentally as well as physically) when the white road is swallowed up at fifty miles an hour, and young persons have been known to think they were on the moon, instead of this terrestrial planet, when full speed is on and a couple of frontiers are passed in a day. So unique, indeed, are the chauffeur's opportunities that younger sons who want to settle

advantageously should certainly leave the cavalry at once for the more advantageous motor-car.

Votes and Babies. The irate military gentleman who recently wrote to the papers to urge that only mothers should be allowed the franchise started, unconsciously, a nice point in political ethics. Would the Major bestow the vote on

young persons who had done their duty to the State without a previous ceremony at the altar? If motherhood is to be the test of political fitness, why not? Then, to be fair, the franchise should at once be taken from all bachelors and married men with childless homes. If the production of a small specimen of the human race be necessary for the exercise of political rights, it follows that a Cabinet Minister would be unthinkable who had not a quiverful. The Opposition would at once lose Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Milner, and other distinguished bachelor-statesmen, while the Government would have to part with Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Morley of Blackburn, and Mr. Birrell. Then, when only fathers and mothers exercised political power, it would follow that, as Sir Martin Conway has recently suggested with much humour in the *Nineteenth Century*, the children should have a vote as well. It is the fashion, indeed, for the present Government to bring their small people to the House of Commons, and most of us have beheld Master Anthony Asquith romping on the Terrace, and the youngest Miss Lloyd George proudly driving up to St. Stephen's with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And if the franchise is to be denied to the childless, it is only fair that the children should share the prerogatives they have done so much to ensure.



A WHITE CASHMERE-DE-SOIE DIRECTOIRE GOWN.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

Princess "Pat." Her intimate friends are all very glad to see Princess Patricia of Connaught back in this country again, for she is one of the most popular Princesses in the royal family. From the days of her childhood she has been endowed with very high spirits, and numberless were the scrapes she got into with the late Queen Victoria owing to her love of a joke. On one occasion she was being severely lectured by her royal grandmother owing to some escapade she had been indulging in, when a very solemn and pompous old soldier arrived to convey some message to the Queen. He was in full uniform, and the tassels of his aiguillettes attracted the eye of the mischievous young Princess. As she turned to go she suddenly caught hold of one of these and gave it a violent tug, saying to the soldier as she did so, "Is this what you pull when you want

to stop the omnibus?" On another occasion she challenged the present Prince of Wales to race her across the park at Windsor, offering him twenty yards' start. When the King, then Prince of Wales, ventured a mild reproof, she replied, "Pooh, I will give you a hundred yards, if you will join us!" Rumour is very busy just now respecting the matrimonial intentions of the young Princess, but it is to be doubted if there is any solid foundation for the reports that are in circulation.

THE WOMAN ABOUT-TOWN.

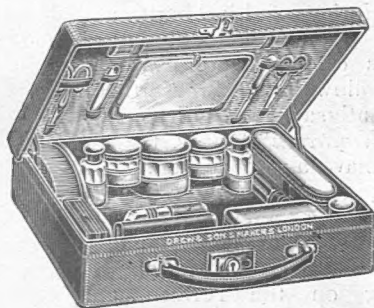
I HAVE seen some dreams of dresses and visions of hats for Ascot. They are, without exception, for Ascot as it ought to be—summerlike and sunlit. We are a brave and conservative set of women, and never get down-daunted, as they say in Devonshire, by the weather. One delicious dress is of white-silk muslin, with a hand-painted design in palest blue. It is in "Princess" style in front and at the back; the folds spring out from the back, not high up, in the adapted Empire style, but rather low down from the waist. A little soft belt of folded pale-blue satin ribbon is arranged at the sides, and the deep vest is of finely tucked cream-coloured Brussels net. Over the shoulders are little tightly sitting frills, scalloped out round the edge of pale-blue lisse embroidered in palest mauve and pink. A high-crowned crinoline straw hat is to be worn, veiled in blue tulle and with superb ostrich-feathers, shaded from pale blue to mauve and from mauve to pink. The sunshade is pale-blue taffeta, with chene flowers in tones of mauve and pink. Heaven send so fair a costume and its thousands of fellows fine days!

The Directoire style will be exploited at Ascot, if only because it has been so lavishly written up of late in connection with the sensation caused by its extreme exemplification at Parisian races. Really, the style has been adopted here for some time past—since last autumn season, in fact. It takes the form of coats more than the attenuated skirt at this side of the Channel, and is often most effective, especially when the hard fabrics and stiff make of the Directoire period are simulated in the ethereal materials and with the skilful grace in putting them together possessed by the modistes of to-day.

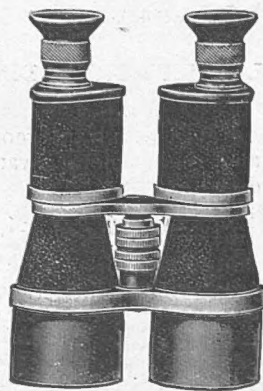
The weather played havoc with Lord and Lady Londesborough's intentions of adding the attraction of a summer-night fête to the ball in honour of their only daughter's debut last week. A perfect deluge drowned the illuminations ere they were seen by the royal and distinguished guests. Thunder roared and lightning played from early night till early morn, and as the invitation-list was on a lavish scale, depending on the thirteen acres of grounds being available, the heat was somewhat oppressive. Brilliant the ball undoubtedly was.

The scene in the Henry the Seventh Chapel, Westminster Abbey, last week, when Mr. Masterman and Miss L. B. Lyttelton were married, was curious from the fact that well-known political men occupied the stalls of the old Knights of the Bath. It was like looking round a Legislative Chamber in miniature. Mr. Birrell and Lord Robert Cecil sat side by side; Mr. John Burns wore something not far removed from the conventional male creature's wedding-garment. Lord Crewe and Mr. Lewis Harcourt were there, remarkably well-groomed members of the Cabinet, and the Prime Minister himself looked most spruce and remarkably vigorous and well. Miss Asquith was in dark blue and purple; Mr. Herbert Gladstone brought his pretty wife, who was all in black. The bridal procession, if small, was charming. The dresses of the bride and her three bridesmaids were simple and beautiful, and all of them white. No floral decorations were attempted in the perfect little chapel beyond white flowers between the lighted candles on the altar.

On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a white cashmere-de-soie Directoire gown, finished with strappings and silk braid. The coat gives the cachet to it, being in true character of the period. A full jabot of tulle, much bunched up, should be worn with it, and, of course, a cocked-hat. Whitsuntide is being spent by a large contingent of well-known people motoring, and otherwise travelling from place to place. A feature of every smart woman's outfit for short journeyings and little stays is one of the fitted miniature motor-cases of Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus, which put moving in light marching order and luxurious comfort in line. Hitherto, they have been far divided. The dearest, daintiest, lightest, and most easily carried case one could desire has tortoiseshell brushes for hair and clothes, and every requisite fitting in silver gilt for an elaborate toilet. No wonder that these are such favourite



A NEW DESIGN AT MESSRS. DREW AND SONS, PICCADILLY CIRCUS.



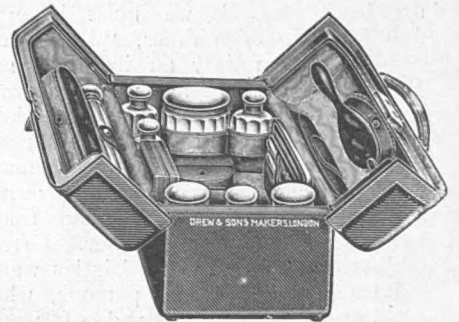
PRISM FIELD-GLASSES, WITH KEW CERTIFICATES, BY MESSRS. AITCHISON AND CO.

wedding-presents; they can be had at prices varying from five to three hundred pounds. Twenty guineas secures a perfect duck. The extraordinary thing is the way in which all the fittings are compactly packed. There is nothing wanting, and a dressing-table with them all outspread is so good to look at, so reassuring to a woman. It seems almost impossible to believe that they will all go back into a wee, dainty, olive green morocco bag. They do, however, embedded snugly, each in its place. Drew and Son's study of compactness and beauty is reduced to a science.

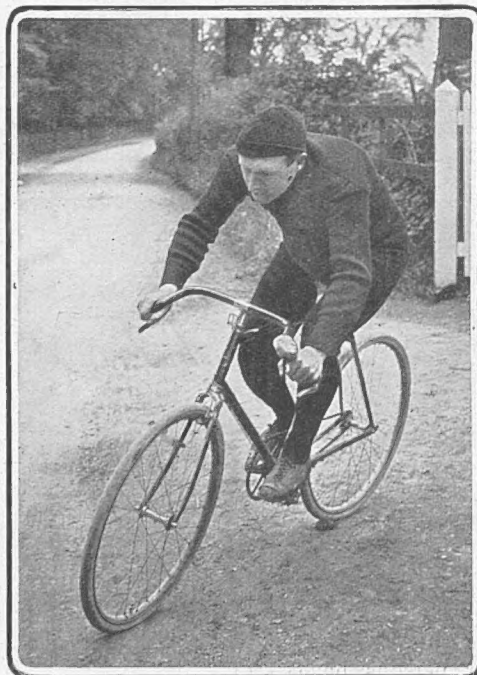
A most interesting departure in an important British industry is being developed by Messrs. Aitchison and Co., the London opticians. Until now, users of prism binocular field-glasses have usually had to depend entirely on their own judgment in purchasing, and as the glasses are expensive, this has deterred many from investing. In future, the man wanting a glass can purchase one which has been tested by the most approved scientific methods at the National Physical Laboratory at Kew. This is the British Government Laboratory, under the control of a committee of the Royal Society, and directed by Dr. R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S. Messrs. Aitchison and Co. have decided that in future all the prism glasses of the "Night Marine," "Day Marine," and "Stellar" patterns, both binoculars and monoculars, shall be sent to Kew Observatory, and there subjected to the tests already mentioned. Every glass which is passed will be engraved with the official "Kew" mark, and a certificate will be given, signed by Dr. R. T. Glazebrook, stating the exact magnification, and that the definition and achromatism are good. The field angle is measured, and given in "degrees" and in "yards at 1000 yards." The certificate Messrs. Aitchison present to the purchaser with the glass, so that now there need be no haphazard, guess-work selections, when the quality of a prism field-glass can be assured by purchasing one which has been tested, certified, and engraved with the official mark of the British Government Laboratory. Messrs. Aitchison and Co. have made no increase in the price of their glasses.

DOES THE EARTH REVOLVE ON ITS AXIS?

A number of scientists assembled recently in the chapel of Columbia University to witness an interesting experiment to prove the rotation of the earth on its axis. This experiment was first made in Paris in 1851. A sphere is suspended from a roof or dome that permits of an unusually long swing, and then drawn over to one side of the building and fastened by a cord. After the sphere has come to a state of absolute rest, the cord is burned, thus allowing the pendulum to swing. The height from the floor to the dome of the chapel at Columbia University is ninety-one feet, so that the suspension-cord was about ninety feet in length. On the floor of the chapel where the point of the pendulum touched on its course a concave surface of sand was placed, and on this the swaying pendant left the marks of its track. The experiment proved once more the fallacy of the old argument that the earth could not be moving because we do not feel it move, and that the starry dome could not be fixed because we see it move. The earth spins uniformly and regularly from west to east, as may be inferred from the uniform rotation of the starry sky at night. This was proved by the experiment made by Foucault. He showed that a long pendulum when once set swinging changed the plane of its swing slowly and regularly. If, for instance, it is started swinging from north to south, it will at the end of twelve hours be found to be swinging from east to west, and in twenty-four hours it will have changed its plane still further, and be swinging from south to north again. Since the only force that can act on a moving pendulum hung from the solid roof of a building is the rotation of the earth, this change in the direction of the pendulum proves the theory of the earth's revolution. The pendulum does not really change its direction. It remains in a state of uniform motion, and the apparent twisting is produced by the building and the earth turning while the pendulum marks out its invariable line.



A NEW DESIGN AT MESSRS. DREW AND SONS, PICCADILLY CIRCUS.



RIDER OF 1000 MILES IN 91 HOURS 1 MINUTE: MR. T. A. FISHER.

Mr. Fisher rode a Rudge-Whitworth Speediron bicycle, and beat the record by 12 hours 40 min., averaging a speed of eleven miles an hour, including stoppages. The machine he rode weighs 22½ lb., and he had two punctures on the road, using the same machine right through.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 24.

INVESTMENTS UNDER PAR.

IN the eager search of the investor for securities likely to appreciate in value as well as return him the amount of interest he desires, it is only natural that preference should be shown for those stocks which stand below 100. Abundance of money has already made its force felt in the Consol market, but a section which has been somewhat overlooked is that devoted to Home Corporation stocks. Birmingham Threes, for instance, can still be bought at a trifle under 90; Plymouth Threes are on offer at about 87½; Manchester, Bristol, Leeds, and other first-class Corporation 3 per cent. stocks are to be obtained between 87 and 89, the yield working out to little short of 3½ per cent. on the money. There is small doubt as to such securities advancing in price when more attention is turned towards them.

FURTHER EXAMPLES.

One reason for the pronounced recovery in Japanese 4½ per cent. bonds is this demand for stocks which pay 5 per cent., and are some way below par. It is more than likely that the reawakened confidence in Japanese loans will cause the prices of both the 4½ per cent. series to reach at least 95. Then there are Uruguay Fives, about 95, with a quarterly coupon due on July 1, which have every prospect of reaching par. Chilean 4½ per cent. Loans are to be bought at about 92, and a half-year's coupon falls due on July 1, so the investor receives full 5 per cent. on his money. There is a good, and at present little known 4 per cent gold bond of the Great Northern Railway of Canada, standing at 90; the issue is guaranteed by the Canadian Northern Railway, whose 4 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures stand at 101. To conclude with a thoroughly speculative bond, we may instance the 5 per cent. Second Debentures of the Salvador Railway. It is not the sort of investment for the widow or the orphan, but considering that the yield at 80 comes to 6¼ per cent., and that the Company is now paying dividends on Preference and Ordinary shares, the risk is reasonable, and the likelihood of advancing price an attraction.

WANTED—THE PUBLIC.

Kaffirs have now come to a point in their revival which must be confessed as somewhat critical. Many of the early buyers, professional and semi-professional, can secure handsome profits by selling at once, but so long as the market maintains a good appearance they can be trusted to hang on to their shares. Retention of strength means, however, that somebody has got to buy more shares, and the horizon is being rather anxiously scanned for indications of that cloud of dust which shall herald a rush of the public to buy Kaffirs. So far, the cloud has not arisen, although prices have. "Good!" grunt the bears; whereto the bulls bellow in retort that the former have not even begun to buy back, except in retail quantities, and that the tail-twisting of the "short" party will be a sight worth beholding—when the public come in. The public, however, have, as the Stock Exchange would say, "bought the bunny" so often that they are still incredulous of the present revival being any sounder than have been its predecessors, which cost the public so dearly. Whether the market can stay depends, it seems to us, upon the measure of help to be contributed from outside. The professionals responsible for the rise have had to buy a good many shares to help prices along, and they won't buy indefinitely—in fact, they are now sellers. Looked at simply from the Stock Exchange standpoint, the market seems to be in a healthy and stable condition, waiting only for the public to open a further bull campaign. The big houses in the market-place have piped unto the children looking on: will those children dance, or will they remain—looking on?

INDUSTRIALS IN ASTERISKS.

Go softly with Vanguard Motorbus shares. The Preference, at two-and-ninepence, if you want a gamble, a decided gamble. But not the Ordinary, at any price.

Liptons are a little overawed by the quarter of a million new capital. Sell the old and wait for a chance to buy the new more cheaply. Generally a turn to be made in such exchanges.

One statement we heard was to the effect that Lyons paid the Franco-British Exhibition a hundred thousand pounds for the privilege of the catering contract. This shows the kind of story which gets around.

The Aerated Bread Company cannot fail to do well out of the great influx of visitors to London this summer. At 6 the shares look a good investment, in spite of competition.

Associated Portland Cement 4½ per cent. Debenture keeps about 80; at which the return is £5 6s. 3d. on the money. Dividends due early in January and July. The stock is worth noticing.

THE TAQUAH MINE.

The present activity in the South African mining market is sure to spread before long to West Africans, where there are speculative chances at least as good as are to be found among "Kaffirs." Those who want a sound mining investment, with excellent possibilities of increasing value, should take an interest in the *Taquah Mining and Exploration Company*. This company is already earning over 10 per cent. on its present market price, and should earn 50 per cent. annually in future. I add a few particulars about it, which may be of interest to some of your readers.

The company has a capital of £350,000 in £1 shares, together with Income Bonds equivalent to another 37,500 shares, or a total issued capital of £387,500. Its assets consist first and foremost of the Taquah Mine itself, and secondly, of a number of other shareholdings and claims, some of which may become very valuable. I have not space here to do more than give a list of these; but even this will suffice to show how widespread are the Company's interests in the West African goldfield. They are as follows: 120,000 Abosso shares (present market price, 30s.); the entire assets of the Aukobra Syndicate; the Sanhoman Concession, near Axim; three mining concessions in the Prestea district; a half-interest in the Tuappim Concession, in the same district; a fifth-interest in the Pepe Concession, near Taquah, etc. These may be little more than names at present, but they are mostly situated on the line of the Prestea-Broomassie Reef, and when the projected line to Prestea has been built, they may become of great value. Apart, however, from any of these assets, the Company possesses in the Taquah Mine itself a property which is probably worth far more than the present capitalisation of the Company. So far, the mine, which contains an area on the dip of the reef equivalent to about 700 Transvaal mining claims, has been opened up on four levels driven from a single shaft, and the reef was cut last month on the fifth level. Up to March 31 last the following were the lengths of the drives on the various levels—

First level—1017 ft.
Second level—2114 ft.
Third level—1696 ft.
Fourth level—536 ft.

The fifth level, which is now being opened up, is only 850 ft. down the shaft. With regard to the value and size of the reef it may be said generally that it is uniformly larger and richer as depth is reached. Thus on the No. 3 level the average value throughout the drive for 865 ft. N.E. of the shaft is 17 dwt. 22 gr. over a width of 5 ft.; on the No. 4 level the average value over the same width is 1 oz. 19 dwt., and the ore in the face going N.E. assays 2 oz. 18 dwt. The S.W. drive on the same level has been driven 274 feet, and for 265 feet is worth 1 oz. 3 dwt. over a width of 5 ft. Where the reef was intersected on the fifth level it assayed 3 oz. 4 dwt. over a width of 5 ft. At the date of the last report, which, however, is as long ago as June 30, 1907, the ore reserves in sight were estimated at 224,839 tons, of which 108,350 were of an average value of 23 dwt. These reserves must since then have been considerably increased by the opening up of the rich ore in the lower levels. The fifty-stamp mill is producing about £20,000 of gold per month, of which it may safely be estimated that more than half is net profit. With its present equipment, therefore, and dividends from its Abosso shares, the Company is in a position to pay from 30 to 50 per cent. per annum in dividends, but it is likely that in years to come the production will be on a much larger scale.

Friday, June 5, 1908.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. J. P.—We cannot give opinions on matters of morals. You must judge for yourself as to whether the bonds are a lottery or not, and whether lotteries are wicked.

CONSTANT READER.—The name and address has been sent to you. We do not advise the Marconi shares.

ENQUIRER.—Good Argentine Railway stocks should suit you. See "Q's" note in last week's issue.

ANDY.—We think you might buy (1) Japanese 4½ per cent. Loan; (2) Cuba gold bonds; (3) Uruguay 5 per cent. bonds; (4) Chinese Imperial Railway bonds, which will give you a return of over 5 per cent. all round.

NOTE.—In consequence of the holidays, and this issue having to go to press early, we must ask the indulgence of correspondents whose letters are not answered.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Lingfield, Paul Pry may win the High Class Handicap, and Impression the Eden Handicap. At Manchester the following may go close: Castle Irwell Handicap, Hanover Square; Whitsuntide Plate, Volant colt; Beaufort Handicap, Double A; Manchester Cup, All Black; Salford Borough Handicap, Romney. At Brighton I like the following: Brighton Handicap, Retrieve; Sussex Plate, Milford Lad. I am told Turbine will win the Ascot Stakes.

THE MERE MAN.

IN THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.

SOMEHOW, it never seems to be the season in London unless the weather is really fine and hot. Last week was ideal weather, for we had our blazing hot days and our thunderstorms all in due order, and Derby Day was one of the hottest noons that the Mere Man can recollect for a long time. When the weather is properly hot, the London season, as far as the summer is concerned, may be said to last from Epsom to Ascot, and, with a blazing June, London really looks what it is—the capital of the world.

By all accounts, this is the best season that we have had for many years. There are more people in town now, and more strangers and pilgrims from the Colonies, the Continent, and America than is usual in June, and everyone is so busy ministering to their wants, that no one has any time for grumbling. No doubt, the Anglo-French Exhibition counts for something, for it has induced numbers of Frenchmen to follow the example of M. Fallières, and brave the terrors of the Channel passage. But these foreigners do not make any difference to Central London, for round Charing Cross and Piccadilly Circus there are few more foreigners than usual at this time of year, so that the outlying parts of the town must be benefiting.

In the far-away 'sixties the season was really an important period in the life of the Metropolis. The great families came up directly after Easter, and stayed until Parliament rose, in time to get to Scotland by Aug. 12. Parliament in those days had a bearing on the season which it has long since lost, for now no one thinks of waiting in London till Parliament rises, but everyone suits himself, and Cowes is now the date which marks the definite flight of all the world into the country. Forty or fifty years ago, the season, was the season; but nowadays there is no season at all, or rather there are a number of small seasons, each one of which has its value and its devotees, but none of which has the importance of the old summer season.

The reason why the London season was fixed in the summer months, at the very time when the country is a thousand times pleasanter than the town, was, oddly enough, owing to the country party. Until cricket, lawn-tennis, and other games acquired their present vogue, there was nothing whatever to do in the country in the summer. The only thing the country gentleman could do was to watch the crops growing, and that, after all, is a tedious performance. And so, as soon as hunting and shooting came to an end they came up to London to pass away the time until the next

hunting and shooting season came round. The country was deserted at the most beautiful period of the year, and Parliament and the season were in full swing in the hottest months of the summer.

But of late years the whole condition of things has changed. Land has not paid since 1876, and the landed interest has lost much of its influence. Besides that, people have begun to discover that there is plenty to do in the country in the summer, and that, in order to hunt and shoot, it is not necessary to migrate into the country during the autumn and winter. Trains and motor-cars now enable people to live in London, and at the same time to hunt two or three days a week, so that a November season has sprung up of late years which, for dinners at smart hotels and restaurants and for theatre-going, is now a serious rival to the season proper in June. In fact, the long dark nights of November are much more advantageous to the theatres than are the short warm evenings of June.

Then, again, there has grown up of late years a pre-Easter season, for those who do not go to the Riviera or Switzerland, or who come back early. It used to be almost as unfashionable to be seen in London in March as it was to be caught doing anything more than "passing through," in August and September. But people have been exercising their common sense of late years; and have recognised that really London is the best, brightest, and warmest place in the British Isles in November and also in February, and as they gradually put this idea in force regardless if it was fashionable or not so to do, they have ended by making it the correct thing to do, and now this subsidiary autumn and seasons are quite established.

It used to be thought, a year or two ago, that the motor-car would completely kill the London season, but, curiously enough, it seems to be the salvation of it. Formerly, when people came to town and took a great house, they had to stay there till the allotted weeks of the season were over, and when they went back to the country there they were planted for so many months. But now the motor-car has altered all that. If you have a good and fast car it does not matter where you are—you are absolutely independent, for you can get about as you like; and if you are living in town you can spend the week-end in the country with the greatest ease and comfort. It is safe to say that were it not for the motor-car and its possibilities the London season would by now be in a moribund condition, and that the very machine which most people thought would kill the London season has in reality been the saviour of it.

Craven

Double Broad cut

You have no idea how truly delightful a pipe can be until you smoke the new Double Broad Cut of Craven Mixture. This is not idle talk—there is a scientific reason for it. And that reason is this. The tobacco is cut in such a way that all the different tobaccos in the mixture remain in the same proportions *all the time*—from the moment they are blended until you light your pipe.

This is a wonderful advance in the science of mixture-making. You no doubt know the trouble with most mixtures is that they become *unmixed* because the heavier parts of the tobacco work down to the bottom of the pouch, and consequently the "mixture" is not a mixture by the time it gets in the pipe.

The new Double Broad Cut of Craven Mixture removes this great fault. Every pipeful of this new Double Broad Cut is just what it should be—just what it was intended to be by the blender when he fixed the ideal proportions of the mixture.

The following letter amplifies this point. It was entirely unsolicited, and came to Carreras from a man who had had a lot of trouble in getting the right Mixture.

HOLLAND HOUSE,
LOWESTOFT, 20/4/08,
Messrs. Carreras, Ltd.,
4-8, St. James' Place, E.C.

Dear Sirs,
My search for a satisfactory pipe tobacco is ended. I have given your Double Broad Cut a thorough trial. The flavour is superb, and I am pleased to say that, given a reasonably clean pipe, the flavour is retained to the last grain, and there is absolutely no waste. What pleases me most, however, is the fact that, however and wherever pouched, it remains a mixture to the end. It is a complete treat.

Yours very truly, F. W. EVANS.

All sizes of Craven Mixture are now in patent vacuumized tins, which are guaranteed to keep the tobacco in good condition for any length of time in any climate.

If you cannot obtain Craven Double Broad Cut from your Tobacconist, Carreras, Ltd., 7, Wardour Street, London, W., will be pleased to send tins direct to you, POSTAGE FREE, 2-oz., 1/3; 4-oz., 2/6; 8-oz., 5/-; 16-oz., 10/-.

A Free Sample

We invite you to test the Craven Double Broad Cut. On receipt of your private or business card we will send, post paid, a factory sample, sufficient for three or four pipefuls. Factory Address: Carreras, Ltd., St. James' Place, London, E.C. Please mention this paper.



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